

FEBRUARY 19, 1881

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 586.—Vol. XXIII.

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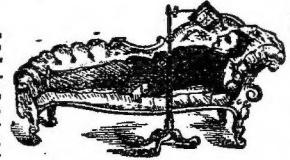
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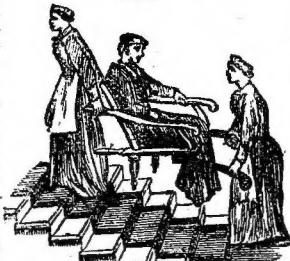
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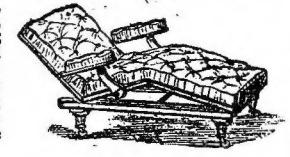
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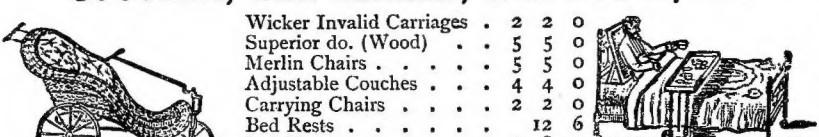
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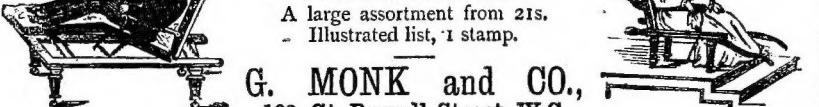
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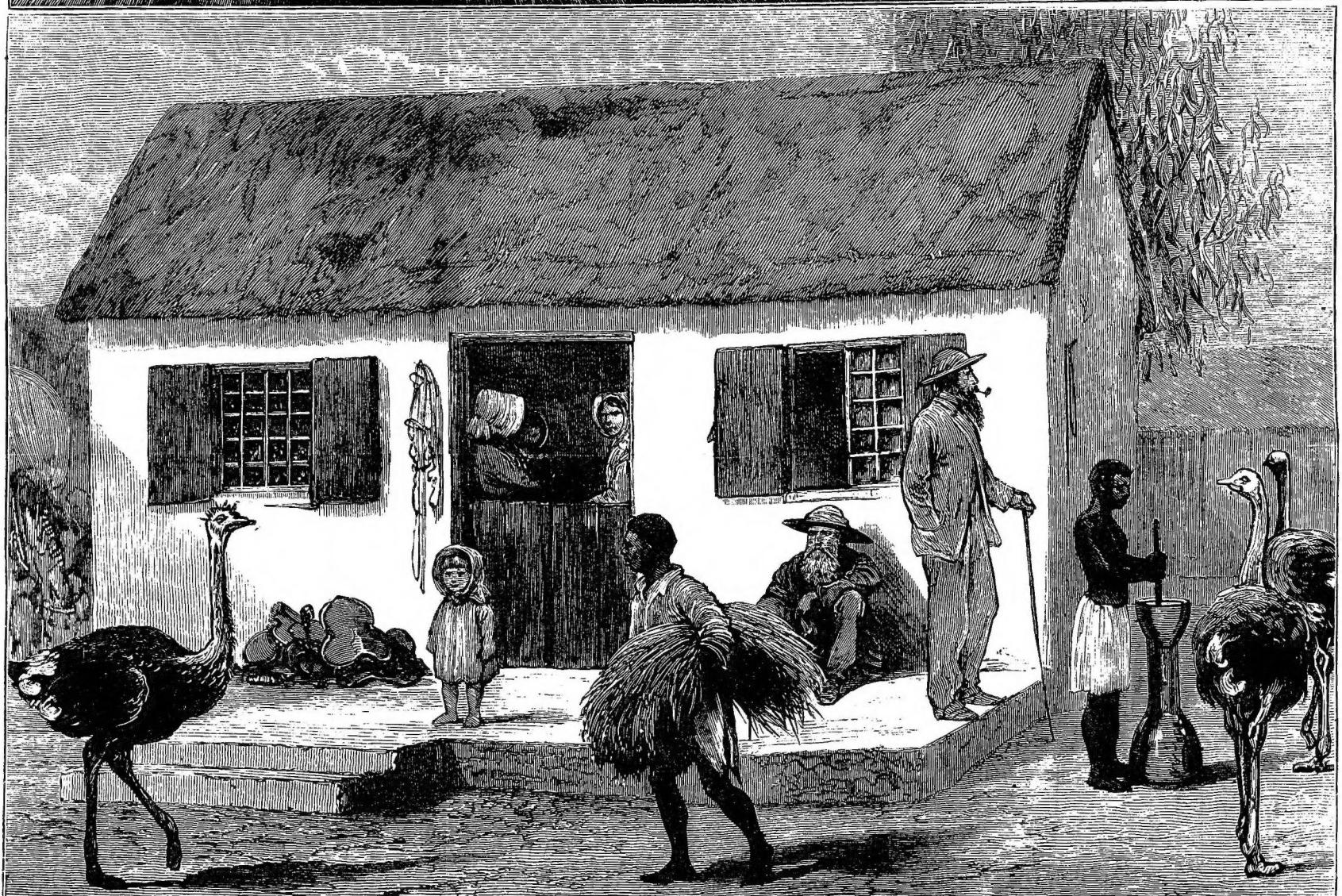
# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 586.—VOL XXIII.  
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1881

[ PRICE SIXPENCE  
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1. Transvaal Hospitality : Interior of a Boer's House.—2. Exterior of a Boer's House.

THE REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL—NOTES OF BOER LIFE AND CHARACTER



**IRELAND AND FOREIGN OPINION.**—There can be no doubt that the general tendency of Continental opinion is in favour of great changes in the social and political system of Ireland. When M. Rochefort tells us that we must be prepared for revolutionary measures, of course nobody is surprised; it is his business to promote revolution; and his inclination with regard to every popular agitation is to decide that it must be right even before he knows anything of its origin. Far more serious newspapers than the *Intransigent*, however, express the opinion that England will sooner or later have to give her assent to larger reforms than any that are at present favoured by her leading statesmen. It is remarkable that while we are advised on all hands to establish a peasant proprietary, there is not one important Continental journal which thinks that Home Rule should be granted. On the contrary, in France, Germany, and Austria the Home Rule agitation is almost unanimously condemned, and the Irish are counselled to give up as hopeless the attempt to secure national independence. We may be quite sure that this advice is not offered because of the goodwill of foreign nations towards England. Some of them would not be at all displeased to see us in difficulties, and to be in a position to threaten us by means of a hostile Irish State. But it is everywhere recognised that Ireland herself would be the chief sufferer by the independence for which some sections of her population are clamouring. Again and again the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, for instance, has pointed out that Home Rule would mean the rule of unscrupulous agitators and Ultramontane bigots; and in an article the other day it gave a graphic picture of the internal strife which would inevitably result from causes of disunion that are already at work. Unfortunately Irish Home Rulers are not likely to be much impressed by these foreign views; but it is satisfactory enough that in one important matter at least English opinion is in accordance with that of the whole civilised world.

**THE TRANSVAAL WAR.**—It is evident that we have a very difficult and troublesome task before us in our attempt to reduce the Boers to submission. Though comparatively few in number, they are of a very different temperament from the savages with whom we have hitherto had to contend in South Africa, and who, brave as they are, are speedily discouraged by defeat. The Boers come of a "dour" obstinate race, they are excellent marksmen, and skilled in bush-fighting; and they are scattered over a region as large as France. And, at present, with the exception of the beleaguered garrisons which are dotted about the country we have achieved no foothold in the Transvaal itself. The sanguinary fighting at Laing's Nek and on the Ingogo River took place on soil which is indisputably British. Affairs may assume a more cheerful complexion when our cavalry reinforcements get to the front, but at present our soldiers are, man for man, no match for the Boers. Their discipline, their dress, and their accoutrements were all against them on that historical plateau near the Ingogo, where they were for hours exposed to a deadly hail of bullets from an invisible foe, and were nearly as powerless against their assailants as a colony of rooks are against the sportsmen who attack them. Unless we study and imitate the "bush-whacking" tactics of the Boers, this lamentable contest may be spun out for years, and may ultimately land us in some very disagreeable European complications.

**THE CHANCES OF PEACE.**—In the Speech from the Throne the other day, the German Emperor by no means adopted a sanguine tone respecting the prospects of peace. He merely expressed a hope that "the unity of the Powers will succeed in preventing even partial breaches of the peace in Europe, or, at any rate, so limit them as that they will affect neither Germany nor her neighbours." This is certainly not saying much, and it is impossible to avoid a suspicion that the meaning of so hesitating a statement is that Prince Bismarck has no faith in the new negotiations at Constantinople. Unfortunately, the facts which are known to all the world give too much support to a pessimist view. Whether sincerely or not, the Porte continues to assert that it is prepared to make large concessions, but the Hellenic Government is persistent in its declarations that the whole of the territory granted by the Berlin Conference must be transferred to Greece. Both States prepare for a struggle, and the population of Thessaly and Epirus are in a condition of panic, looking forward to speedy ruin. It may be hoped that if war breaks out the German Emperor may be justified in his anticipation that the Powers will attempt to localise it; but it must be remembered that a responsible Minister, M. Saint-Hilaire, has expressed his conviction that Europe might find itself unable to limit the area of the conflict. The intentions of the party which agitates for the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia are not accurately known; and, what is still more important, there is great uncertainty as to the intentions of Russia. It is, however, possible that advantage would be taken of a war between Greece and Turkey to force on the final solution of the Eastern Question.

"COERCION" AND "URGENCY."—Thus far the Speaker's new Rules have not borne much practical fruit. The act of spasmodic energy by which the Land League M.P.'s were temporarily extinguished seems merely to have taught them the wisdom of carrying on their Obstructive tactics for the future in a more decorous and Parliamentary fashion. It is true that the Protection of Life and Property Bill has passed the second reading, but it seems likely to stay an unconscionably long time in Committee. Now it is quite proper that measures of great complexity (as, for example, the forthcoming Irish Land Bill) should be very fully and carefully discussed in Committee. But the so-called Coercion Bill does not belong to this category. It is a very brief and simple Bill. Its principle is everything, and everything which can be said against its principle has been said over and over again during the last six weeks. In such a case a small minority should not be allowed to worry and weary with their sham amendments, which are only brought forward to delay the passage of the Bill, an overwhelming majority who have decided that the Bill ought to pass. However plausibly and politely such opposition may be carried on, it is really Obstruction pure and simple, and ought to be put down if the Government are really in earnest, which we are sometimes inclined to doubt, seeing the strength of the Radical element in their composition.

**PRINCE BISMARCK'S SCHEMES.**—The Session of the Imperial Parliament of Germany has opened very quietly, but this does not mean that there are no great or exciting questions awaiting discussion. It simply means that the political problems which now agitate the German mind are to be settled, not in this Parliament, but in the Reichstag which will be elected in autumn. Prince Bismarck does not consider it expedient to submit the most important of his new schemes to a Chamber in which the parties are so divided and sub-divided that it is impossible to foretell how they will decide with respect to any particular proposal. There is at least a chance that a large Bismarckian majority will be returned to the next Reichstag; and it is certain that the Chancellor will make strenuous efforts to secure this result. If he succeeds, the prospect is rather alarming for those politicians who still retain some respect for old-fashioned Liberal principles. To say that Prince Bismarck's policy is "reactionary" is not to give an accurate account of it; for although he hopes to be able to transfer much of the authority of Parliament and of municipal bodies to the central Government, he wishes to use the powers which he would thus acquire in an altogether new way. His main object is to put down Socialism by granting to the working classes many of the advantages which are promised to them by Socialist agitators. He proposes to begin by instituting a system of State insurance; but if this were accomplished he would soon proceed to larger measures. It is even supposed that he may try to form productive associations of workmen dependent on the State, thus carrying out to some extent Lassalle's favourite notion. That he will manage to overcome popular discontent by such means is highly improbable; but the experiment will be as interesting as any that has been made in the present century, and it may be expected to have some effect on the opinions and aspirations of the working classes in many other countries besides Germany.

**POST OFFICE ESPIONAGE.**—There is a kind of spurious Radicalism which cannot brook any restraint, and which is apt to lose the substance of freedom in the pursuit of its shadow. No Government in the world can be expected to forego the privilege, under certain conditions, of opening the private letters which are entrusted to its care. The privilege was never exercised more freely and extensively than by the Washington Government during the eventful years of the Civil War. But no protests were uttered against the practice by English Radicals, simply because the cause of the Federal Government commanded their enthusiastic support. Far otherwise was it with Sir James Graham, when, as Home Secretary, he ventured to tamper with Mazzini's correspondence. A virulent torrent of vilification and abuse was poured out upon him, and, though his conduct was upheld by a Committee of the House of Commons, he never regained his popularity with the public. Of course, we are willing to admit that the opening of Post Office correspondence for the purpose of protecting a foreign despotic Government against conspirators seems more inexcusable in the eyes of the average Englishman, who regards his island as the inviolable asylum of the oppressed, than a resort to the same practice for the purpose of unmasking the designs of domestic traitors. With the jealous restrictions, however, with which the privilege is surrounded in this country, there is no fear of its being abused. In the opinion of most sensible persons, the fault lies with the people who carry on a correspondence which is provocative of suspicion, and not with the officials who endeavour to nip their mischievous efforts in the bud.

**INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.**—It is good news to many English authors that the Americans are at last disposed to conclude a copyright treaty with this country. While the publishers of the Eastern American States had no reason to fear Western competition, they strenuously resisted every proposal for such a treaty; and they generally managed to explain their opposition by reference to certain

high-minded intentions respecting "popular enlightenment." Of late, however, publishers in the Western States have displayed an inconvenient activity, bringing out English books at a much cheaper rate than their rivals in Boston and New York. All at once, therefore, those who formerly condemned every proposal for the protection of English authors have changed their tone; and now it is found that "popular enlightenment" may be most effectually promoted by the policy which has always been advocated on this side of the Atlantic. The truth is that not a single respectable argument can be advanced in favour of the system which is now in operation. If an Englishman writes a book which gives satisfaction in America, it is plainly unjust that the profits derived from its sale should go entirely into the pockets of the enterprising man of business who happens to reprint it. In morality, if not in law, the work is, at least in part, the property of the author; and he ought to benefit by its distribution in whatever part of the world there is a demand for it. Several practical difficulties stand in the way; but if the American and the English Governments took up the matter in earnest they would soon be able to arrive at an understanding. One proposal has been suggested which ought not for a moment to be seriously entertained. It is to the effect that an English book published with copyright in America should be sold at the same price in both countries. This would be obviously unfair, since there are classes of books which are more popular in America than in England, and can, therefore, be issued there at a rate which would not be remunerative here.

**SIR F. ROBERTS ON THE ARMY.**—When naval and military heroes are entertained at civic banquets and loaded with civic honours, they are usually expected to prophesy smooth things. Their speeches wear a roseate hue, and the world in which they live is, at all events for the time being, the best of all possible worlds. Sir F. Roberts took a more original course, and, remembering how full of flattery and conventional commonplaces after-dinner speeches usually are, his example might be profitably followed by other speakers. No one, probably, was better pleased at his earnest plain-speaking than the Duke of Cambridge, who undoubtedly has the real interest of the army at heart, though he has often been thwarted by civilian administrators. Ten years ago, because Germany had beaten France on the field of battle, an unreasoning admiration for all Teutonic military arrangements seized upon our army reformers. The regimental *esprit de corps* was discouraged, and short service was substituted for long. Both these reforms Sir F. Roberts declares were in the wrong direction. In an army which consists of volunteers, and which has to go all over the world, the old-fashioned regimental system exercises a remarkable fascination over the recruit. Short service, too, answers excellently in the Continental armies, where the main object is the formation of an efficient reserve, and where the duties of the active soldiers are ordinarily confined to their own country. But we need our soldiers for constant service in tropical or semi-tropical climates, and against savage or semi-savage foes. Hence they ought to be seasoned men, and not boys who droop and die under any unusual hardship. Let us hope that Mr. Childers, in his forthcoming reforms, will bear in mind Sir F. Roberts' advice.

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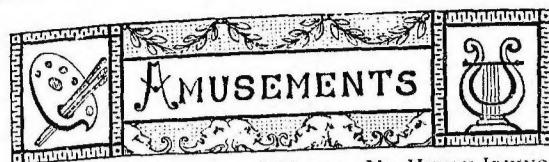
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FEB. 19, 1881

## THE GRAPHIC



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## TRANSVAAL HOSPITALITY

THE Boers, who are the descendants of settlers chiefly of Dutch and French Huguenot origin scattered over the colonies of South Africa, possess a painful interest for us at the present time. Those of our readers who would like to know more about them will find a great deal of information told in an interesting and unaffected way by Mr. John Nixon, in his book, "Among the Boers," published last year by Remington and Co. From this volume we will borrow a few particulars in explanation of our engravings depicting the inside and the outside of a Boer's house.

The Boers of the Western and Southern Provinces have been in some measure indoctrinated with the go-a-headism of their English fellow-colonists, but those of the Transvaal, having till lately lived in seclusion, retain much of their primitive habits. The Boer's farm-house is generally built of sun-dried bricks, mud being used for mortar. The roof is either thatched or covered with corrugated iron. The aspect of the house is usually that of a square, squat, chocolate-red building, planted in the midst of the *veldt*, and with no visible walls or fences. Sometimes, but rarely, it is shaded by blue-gum or fig-trees. The sheep and cattle kraals are near the house, as also are three or four native huts, with little black picaninnies and Kaffir dogs crawling about, while hard by is a small garden and a mealie patch, and a dam which supplies the water for irrigation purposes.

After getting safely past a multitude of yelping curs the traveller is saluted by the master of the house, who touches, but does not shake his hand. He is usually a very tall man, wearing corduroy trousers, a short coat, and a billycock hat. His shoes are of untanned hide, his hair is long and uncombed. On entering the visitor shakes hands (Boer fashion) with every member of the household, and then is invited to take a seat on the "rust-bank" (*Anglise*, "rest-bench"—like the "lang settle" of Yorkshire), and is probably offered a cup of coffee, sugarless and milkless, for sugar is half-a-crown a pound, and the use of milk (for human refreshment) is almost unknown in that land of cows.

The Boers have generally large families, yet the house accommodation is small, a parlour, kitchen, and two bedrooms being an average allowance. They take only two meals a day, consisting almost entirely of stewed meat. They do not work very hard.

Early in the morning the Boer counts his sheep, as the black herdsman drives them forth. Then, if very vigorous, he does some embarking or irrigation-work. At ten he breakfasts. During the heat of the day he takes a *siesta*. At four he wakes and has coffee. Supper comes at six, and bed at eight.

Dutch traditions of cleanliness have not descended to the Transvaal Boers, whose houses are often dirty, and infested with insects. "Few Boers," says Mr. Nixon, "change their clothes at night, and in some parts of the Transvaal an Englishman is looked upon as effeminate because he requires a night-shirt."—Our engravings are from sketches by Dr. Doyle-Granville.

## IN THE DRAKENSBERG MOUNTAINS

LAST week we illustrated a pass in the Drakensberg range which showed the difficulties of transit in the mountainous region which our troops have to traverse on their way to the Transvaal, and we now publish some further views taken in the Drakensberg and Quathlamba ranges which border on Basutoland, and which will afford an idea of the scenery and of the physiological difficulties which are being encountered by our troops in the Basuto campaign. Pandella's Pass is situated in the mountain range called both by the name of Drakensberg and Quathlamba, which separates Basutoland from Natal, and further on from Griqualand East. The mountains of the Quathlamba range lie between the Drakensberg proper, and the Stormberg, and are noteworthy for their height and ruggedness, some of the peaks in Natal territory attaining an altitude of 8,000 and 10,000 feet. There are several passes, but no direct waggon road yet exists from the Basuto country across the mountains which, from an ethnographical point of view, are remarkable as forming the line of separation between the Kaffir races dwelling on the coast and the Bechuana tribes of the interior. In the second sketch is a view of Kokstadt, situated at the foot of the range in Griqualand East, of which it is the chief town—if town it can be called. Sketch 3 is another view in that portion of the Drakensberg range forming the boundary between Basutoland and Griqualand; while in No. 4 is shown Mount Currie, one of the chief peaks in Griqualand. The last sketch is a view in Basutoland of the Double Mountain, where the Basutos have driven the main portion of their cattle.

## A MILITARY ASSAULT AT ARMS

THIS entertainment, which took place at the Royal Albert Hall on the 1st inst., having been ante-dated twenty-four hours by command of the Prince of Wales, in order that General Sir Frederick Roberts might be able to attend, was given in aid of the Afghan War Relief Fund, which it benefited to the extent of between 400*l.* and 500*l.* Among the distinguished company of spectators were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Leopold, the Princess Louise, and the Duke of Cambridge, who gave the proceedings his special sanction as Commander-in-Chief. The performers were the members of the gynastic staff of the Aldershot Gymnasium, assisted by non-commissioned officers and men of the Army and Navy, under the superintendence of Major Cleather, Inspector of Gymnasia. The bands of the five regiments of Guards played during the performance, and the pipers of the Scots Guards and the 42nd Highlanders (Black Watch) played in the arena. The programme was very varied and lengthy, including besides all kinds of exercises with ordinary gynastic apparatus, a number of military contests, such as sword *v.*, bayonet *v.*, bayonet, sabre *v.*, sabre, a series of squad exercises with singlesticks, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, and other apparatus, which were extremely beautiful on account of the perfect rhythm and concord of the motion and the elegance and symmetry of the evolutions. Some of the performers were wonderfully ambidexterous, using swords, clubs, &c., equally well with either hand, whilst others displayed much skill in the well-known feats of slicing apples or oranges placed on the hand or the neck of a comrade; dividing bars of lead or wood, or the carcase of a sheep; and bisecting oranges suspended in handkerchiefs without injuring the fabric. Others again showed wonderful skill and agility on the flying trapeze, the horizontal bar, the parallel bars, and the vaulting horse, some actually turning double somersaults—a feat rare even among accomplished professional acrobats.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR G. P. COLLEY

AND

THE SIEGE OF GEOK TEPE

See page 176.

## "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET"

A NEW STORY, by Messrs. Besant and Rice, illustrated by Mr. Charles Green, is continued on page 177.

## DEER HUNTING IN CALIFORNIA

"THESE sketches," says Mr. H. W. Rawlins, of Hanford, Inland County, California, "were made on a recent hunting trip which I took with some friends. 1. 'On the Way,' shows our means of transport to the mountains, a distance of about fifty miles; the sketch is taken just after entering the 'foothills,' and shows a Mexican cattle ranche, of which there are several in the mountains. The tall perpendicular rock in the centre was a curiosity, being about 300 feet high, and only six inches through at the top; it was almost black, and was covered with streaks of bright red moss.—2. 'Moving Camp.' We could only get five miles into the mountains with the waggon, so as the country round there had already been hunted over, we had to 'pack' the horses three miles further up.—3. 'A Long Shot.' Owing to the time of year, the deer are very much on the alert, and so it is necessary to shoot when you first see them. In the present instance the buck saw us as we came round the end of the ridge, so, the only thing that could be done was to crouch down and shoot at once, using the front man's shoulder as a rest.—4. 'The Camp.' This represents our permanent camp about a mile from the summit. To the left we have a man cooking dinner, on the right a hunter 'packing' in a deer, while in the centre a third man is getting out the feed of barley for the horses. We always hunted from daylight in the morning till about 10 A.M., and from 4 P.M. till dark."

## IN THE DANDELONG STATE FOREST, VICTORIA

THIS forest is situated about sixteen miles N.E. of Melbourne, in a region which is famous for the size of its timber, containing as it does some of the tallest and biggest trees in the world. The timber comprises blue and red gum and peppermint, but the chief attractions to visitors are the gullies or dells of fern and sassafras, one of which is depicted in our engraving. On this account the Dandenong Forest is as favourite a resort to the Melbournites as Epping Forest is to the Londoners. The lyre-bird was formerly to be found in these gullies, but it has now forsaken the more frequented parts of the forest. Owing to the density of the undergrowth people are easily lost. A few years ago a party of picknickers placed a little boy six years old on a pack-horse. Whilst going along a narrow bridle-path, being momentarily obscured from the rest of the party by a bend in the path which ran along the sloping side of a very steep ravine, both horse and child disappeared, and were never seen again, though searched for by upwards of a hundred people for more than a week. A mounted policeman was lost in a similar way. There is an excellent road between Melbourne and the village of Dandenong, which is a prettily-situated and thriving little place, possessing a weekly market and a pack of foxhounds. The road to the gullies

leaves the main road about eight miles from Melbourne. Several coaches, as well as the Gippsland Railway, give access to the district.

## "IN THE ARDENNES"

THIS is another of Mrs. Macquoid's pleasant books of travel, full of useful information, of picturesque descriptions of scenery, and of quaint traditions respecting the various monuments and ruins which she encounters in her tour. Indeed the Ardennes, that lovely district to the south of Belgium, is undeservedly neglected by modern tourists. Several rivers traverse the district, and amongst others the Meuse, the Lesse, the Ourthe, and the Ambleve, each flowing through a diversified country, sometimes through a narrow cleft between high beetling crags, surmounted by apparently inaccessible castles, sometimes between grass-mantled cliffs and then again through green smiling meadows. For pedestrians there is no lack of picturesque tramps, while for the more sybaritically inclined there are no less beautiful drives. For the archaeological or historical student there is an untold wealth of lore in the traditions connected with the ruined castles, almost as numerous here as on the Rhine, while the lover of folk lore will revel in the legends of continual battles between the arch demon and the many worthy saints who from Peter the Hermit downwards wrought such good work here. Nor is there any lack of comfort in the imprenting, but homely, inns where Mrs. Macquoid seems invariably to have met with great civility and economical charges, as may be judged when we read of board and lodging—small beer included—ranging from 4*fr.* to 7*½ fr.* a day. To such of our readers who are already thinking about the year's holiday we strongly recommend the perusal of Mrs. Macquoid's experiences. The book, which is published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, is well illustrated by Mr. Thomas R. Macquoid, as may be seen from the specimens which we reproduce on another page.

Taking them in the order of the tour, first we have a view of the Meuse near Dinant, with a picturesque little village nestling beneath the heights, and next we come to a view of a very different nature on the same river, La Roche-à-Bayard. This lofty rock takes its name from Bayard, the famous magic horse of the four sons of Aymon, who is said to have left his footprint on the black rock. The "Village in the Ardennes" is a quaint and original hamlet called Corbion, situated on the summit of a hill. "We drove with some difficulty through the cumbered street," writes Mrs. Macquoid, "for in front of almost every house was either a large square dung-heaps or a stack of faggots, or else wood scattered widely about in process of being cut up; certainly Corbion would not be a pleasant place to stay in." Then Mrs. Macquoid takes us into the Forest of Arden, where we are continually reminded of scenes from *As You Like It*, and of the famed legend of St. Hubert and the stag with the crucifix between his horns, by which apparition the dissolute courtier was turned into a holy monk. Of the wild boars Mrs. Macquoid heard much, but saw nothing. The "Village Street" is a sketch at Coo, a favourite resort of the visitors and inhabitants of Spa, and which we are told is "a most perfect retreat for those who wish for beautiful scenery, mountain air, cleanliness, and comfort." Finally we have a view of the little town of Vianden, in the Eastern Ardennes, and situated on the Aar. Its chief attraction is the castle, which is perched upon a rock 400 feet high, surrounded by other rocks, some of which are still more lofty and commanding. The view thence is exceedingly striking. On one side is the rugged and wild valley of the Our, while on the other is the town clinging to the steep cliff, with wooded hills beyond.

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY IN IRELAND

JUDGING from the contents of the shop windows, there are a good many people who, born in this island of Great Britain, do on the fourteenth of February send valentines which are calculated rather to annoy than to please the recipients. The strained relations which have existed for some time past in the sister island between landlord and tenant have, as is well-known, produced a plentiful crop of threatening letters, nor is it easy to pass by such missives with cool contempt, since they have often been the precursors of violent deeds. Now that Mr. Gladstone and his fellow-Ministers have been compelled by the stress of public opinion to abandon the disgraceful *laissez faire* attitude which for some months they maintained, the restoration of law and order has to some extent been effected, still such an incident as that depicted in our engraving was by no means improbable on Monday last.

## "COASTING" AT HARROW, JANUARY, 1881

LIMA, PERU

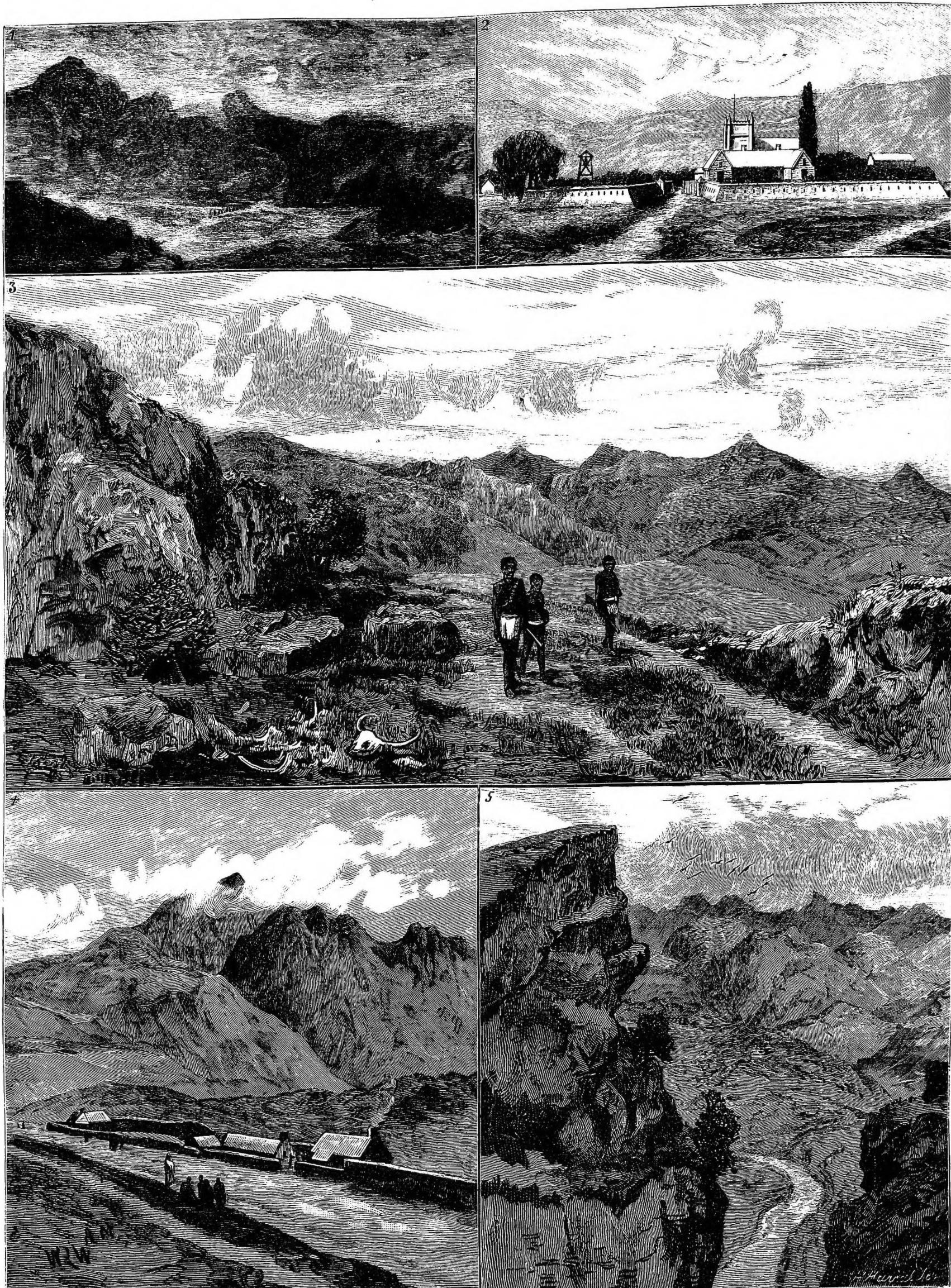
OPENING OF THE MATALE RAILWAY  
OPENING OF THE DURBAN-PIETERMARITZBURG RAILWAY

## INDIAN SKETCHES: "A WARM CORNER"

See page 188.

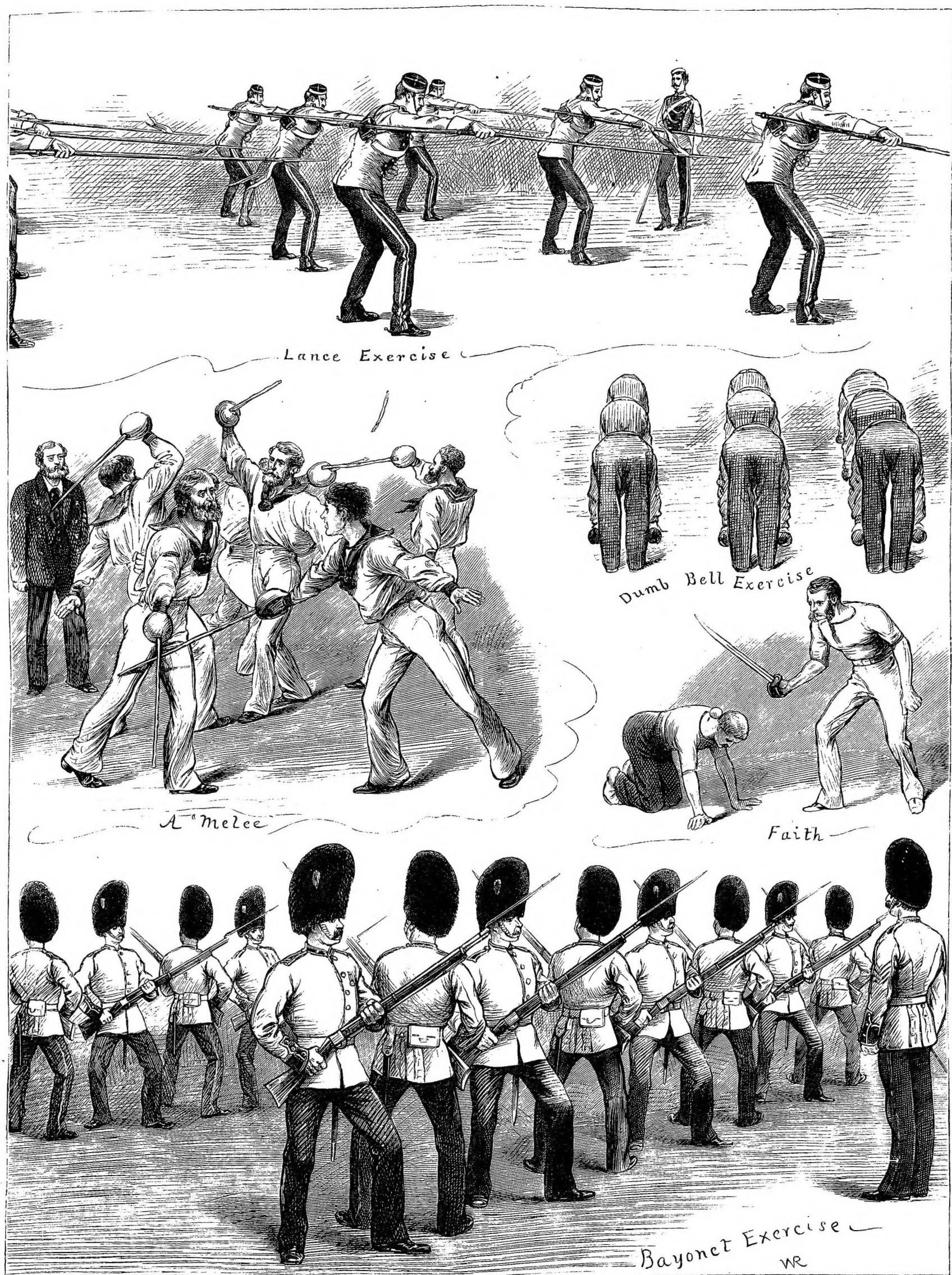
## LORD DUNRAVEN AND THE SUNDAY SOCIETY

WILLIAM THOMAS WYNDEHAM-QUIN, Earl of Dunraven and Mount-Earl, was born in 1841, educated at Oxford, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1871. He held a commission in the Oxford Rifle Volunteers in 1860-1, and in the 1st Life Guards from 1865-7, was aide-de-camp to the Earl of Kimberley (Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland) in 1866, and is now an officer in the Gloucestershire Hussar Yeomanry. His lordship, who was married in 1869 to a daughter of Lord C. Lennox Keur, was elected a Vice-President of the Sunday Society at its annual meeting in 1878, when he made a very able speech, exposing the flimsiness of some of the objections raised against the Sunday opening of museums and Art galleries; and eloquently urging that to those who in our imperfect civilisation were deprived of the purifying influences of Nature the substitutes provided by Art should be freely offered. On the retirement of Sir Henry Thompson from the Presidency of the Sunday Society, Lord Dunraven was unanimously elected as his successor, and on May 29th, 1880, delivered his Presidential Address at the annual meeting at the Freemasons' Hall. In July he accompanied a large and influential deputation which waited upon the Trustees of the British Museum, and elicited from Earl Sydney the important information that the Trustees of the British Museum were ready to open that institution as soon as the Treasury granted the sum which would be required to meet the necessary expenses. Under Lord Dunraven's presidency the work of the Sunday Society has been vigorously prosecuted; two branch Societies have been formed in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and but for the exceptional pressure of public business resolutions in favour of the Society's objects would have been brought before both Houses of the Legislature. On Tuesday next Lord Dunraven, in the House of Lords, will propose, on behalf of the Society, the resolution which has already been published, and there is no doubt but that the task he has undertaken will be ably discharged. At the last committee meeting of the Society a petition to the House of Lords in support of Lord Dunraven's resolution was adopted, and it was decided that members of the professions of the Church, the law, literature, science, and art, members of the Legislature and of the learned societies, should be invited to sign a letter to Mr. Gladstone, asking him, as First Lord of the Treasury, to receive a deputation from the Sunday Society. The Grosvenor Gallery will be open to the members of the Sunday Society and their friends on the last two Sundays in March.—Our portrait of Lord Dunraven is from a photograph by Alexander Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.



1. Pandella's Pass.—2. Laager, Kokstadt.—3. Boundary between East Griqualand and Basutoland.—4. Mount Currie, Griqualand.—5. View in Basutoland showing the Double Mountain, into which the Basutos have Driven Most of their Cattle.

THE WAR IN BASUTO-LAND—VIEWS IN THE DRAKENSBERG AND QUATHLAMBA





ANTI-COERCION MEETINGS were held on Saturday at Sunderland, and on Sunday in Hyde Park, London, where the numbers assembled are variously stated from 20,000 to 100,000. Simultaneous speeches were delivered from six platforms, at each of which the same resolutions were adopted condemning coercion for Ireland; declaring the arrest of Michael Davitt as mean; and the conduct of the Government as cruel and unjust. At one platform the Coercion Bill was burnt, and at the others torn to fragments and scattered to the winds, amid cheers and execrations.—Mr. Labouchere has written a lengthy letter to the Northampton Liberal and Radical Union in defence of his speeches and votes on the Coercion Bill, which he says will place 5,000,000 of our fellow-countrymen at Mr. Forster's mercy, and the precedent may some day be abused by a Conservative Government. His conscience would not allow him to vote for a suspension of Habeas Corpus, except when civil war was imminent, even if the Government were composed of angels instead of men.

RUMOURED FENIAN PLOTS continue to startle the public mind, and give occasion for extra precautions at all Government buildings. The other day some excitement was created at Windsor by a report that a design to blow up the Castle had been discovered, and that the Queen's return from Osborne had been in consequence indefinitely postponed. The rumour had, however, little or no foundation, and Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice were to return to Windsor on Thursday. A vigilant watch is of course kept over Castle, Palace, and Barracks.—At Edinburgh Castle no visitor is now admitted without a pass from the commanding officer countersigned by the fort-major; frequent patrols are made by day and night, both inside and outside the walls; and soldiers off duty have orders to be ready to turn out at a moment's notice.—Special precautions were taken by the London and North Western and Chatham and Dover Railway Companies for the safe transit of the train conveying the Empress of Austria from Dover to Wrenbury, Cheshire, on Wednesday. No stranger was allowed on any of the platforms of the stations at which the train stopped, and a staff of engineers, fitters, and telegraphists rode in the train itself, which was fitted up with electrical apparatus, so that communication could be established at any place in case of need.—The London and North Western Railway Company have placed special watchmen to guard the Menai Straits tubular bridge, and no one, not even a servant of the Company, is allowed to go through without an escort.

IRELAND.—On Tuesday Earl Cowper attended the banquet given by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and, in responding to the toast of his health, regretted that in that country the bulk of the people were divided into two classes—those who thought they ought to have introduced coercive measures long ago, and those who were angry at them for introducing them even now. There had been a great deal written and spoken in England that he for one should regret; but there were many Englishmen who felt with him, and who only wished that ancient discord might come to an end, so that the people of the British Isles might become united not only in name but in feeling.—On Sunday Miss Anna Parnell opened the campaign of the Ladies' Land League by speaking at a meeting at Claremorris. She expressed her disapproval of Messrs. Gladstone, Bright, and Forster, and explained that the object of the Ladies' League was to relieve those who suffered in the cause. On the same day the Home Rule League held its annual meeting, but the attendance was very small. The Hon. Judge Little, an ex-Colonial Judge, spoke in condemnation of the arrest of Davitt, and the conduct of the Government in the House; and another speaker said that Ireland would never be properly governed till she had a Parliament of her own; and that Parliament she must have, whatever it might cost her to obtain it. Mr. P. J. Smyth has written to his constituents in reference to the resolutions that have been passed disapproving of his Parliamentary conduct. He says that the Irish Parliamentary party and the League are to all intents and purposes one body. He has severed his connection from the one, and expressed his disapproval of the principles and methods of the other. Coercion and other ills have come upon Ireland in consequence of the promulgation of a programme the most unpatriotic and anti-national ever placed before the Irish people.—The Property Defence Association and the Emergency Committee of the Orange Society have this week given an effectual check to the Boycotters by attending several sales of cattle and property, and making bids for the lots put up in defiance of the threats of Land League sympathisers.

THE MOVEMENTS OF MR. PARSELL have this week been the subject of much comment. It is stated that he has been to Frankfort to invest the funds of the League, and on Sunday he and several other members of the League held a meeting in Paris, at which it was decided that he should not go to America, but return to this country. The alleged opening of letters by the Post Office officials was also discussed, and it was resolved that future communications should be sent by special couriers. According to some reports it is not unlikely that he has been in communication with the Fenian Head-Centre, Stephens, who has lately returned to Paris. A contemporary states "on credible authority" that since Mr. Parnell's departure for the Continent, two days after his expulsion from the House of Commons, he has twice visited London, but it says nothing of how he came and went, or the reason for his travelling *incognito*. At the last meeting of the Dublin Land League, Mr. Parnell's manifesto from Paris was read. It announced that he and the other members of the League who are in Parliament had resolved not to give way, but to labour steadfastly on, deepening and widening the agitation both in Ireland and England; and it urges the tenant farmers to disregard the intimidation of the coercive measures of the Government, and to continue their organisation, and have men ready to fill the places of those who may be arrested. The suggestion that secret committees should be formed in lieu of the present open organisation is condemned for many reasons, chiefly because he thinks it would not have the slightest chance of success; and a "policy of passive resistance" is recommended as one which will "command the respect of the world." Michael Davitt is spoken of as having "manfully returned to face the horrors of penal servitude"; and it is declared that many others in all parts of Ireland are willing to suffer imprisonment for the cause, which he is confident must ultimately triumph.

MICHAEL DAVITT has been visited at Portland on behalf of his friends by Mrs. Sullivan, the wife of Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P. He is in better health than when arrested, and expressed himself well satisfied with his treatment as to food, lodgment, and exercise. The *Law Times* explains that as he has not been convicted, summarily or otherwise, he will merely have to undergo the residue of his sentence "as if no licence had been granted to him," that is, as if the three years during which he has been at liberty had been passed in prison.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR.—Sir G. Colley is to be further reinforced immediately from this country by 1,500 drafts to the infantry regiments now with him, two regiments of cavalry, and some artillery drafts, together with a transport company from the Army Service Corps. The cavalry are to be armed with long Martini-

Henry rifles with slings. The London Positivist Society has issued an elaborate protest against the Transvaal War, and calls upon the ministers of "the various theological religions," and the members of their congregations who are disposed to judge politics by a moral standard, to join in their condemnation of it.—The Transvaal Independence Committee has issued a letter stating that their information leads them to expect with certainty that the Boers will, sooner or later, achieve their independence; that if the struggle lasts a little longer we shall be at war with the Orange Free State, and there will be a rising of the Dutch in Cape Colony; and that the sympathy felt for the Boers in Holland, Germany, and America will ere long take an active form, which will involve us in the gravest political complications.—The Dutch deputation appointed in Amsterdam to present a petition to the Queen for the restoration of independence to the Transvaal has arrived in London, but has been informed by Sir H. Ponsonby that any application regarding public affairs can only be brought to Her Majesty's notice by a responsible Minister of the Crown. The petition has therefore been left at the Foreign Office for Lord Granville's perusal.—An International Conference, at which the English, Dutch, Swiss, German, and Portuguese Transvaal Independence Committees will be represented, is announced for Monday next, at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson having offered a reward of 10/- to any one who will prove that a single slave was emancipated when we took over the Transvaal, the Secretary of the Aborigines' Protection Society has published a letter saying that he is afraid that the explanation is not that there were no slaves to liberate, but that the British Government took no steps to explain to the large number of Kaffirs who were held in bondage that they were legally entitled to their freedom.—The same Society have sent to Lord Kimberley an elaborate statement in reply to the manifesto of the Boer Triumvirate, their object being to show that the native tribes of the Transvaal and its frontiers have an irresistible claim upon us for protection against aggression and slavery.—From Cork comes a rumour that the Fenians both in this country and America are giving valuable aid in men and money to the Boers.

THE THREATENED ASHANTEE WAR.—The British and African steamer *Roquelle*, now lying at Plymouth, has been chartered by the Government to convey Sir Samuel Rowe, the new Governor of the Gold Coast, and his staff, to Cape Coast Castle, together with a large quantity of ammunition, a Gatling gun, and two boats, H.M.S. *Doterel*, which sailed for the Pacific station last week, received orders to call at Madeira and St. Vincent, Cape Verde, for instructions as to her proceedings, it being probable that she may be required at Cape Coast Castle. This ship, with the *Champion* and *Riseman*, will add three vessels to the squadron of six which was on the West Coast when the threat of the Ashantee King was received at Elmina.

GENERAL SIR F. ROBERTS was on Monday presented with the Freedom of the City, a sword of honour, and an illuminated address, and in the evening was the chief guest at a banquet given by the Lord Mayor, where, in reply to the toast of his health, he made a long and eloquent speech, severely criticising the short-service system as calculated to sap and destroy the efficiency of our soldiers for foreign service.

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS and Mr. W. Ashmead-Bartlett were married, on Saturday, at Christ Church, Down Street, Piccadilly, the ceremony being attended only by a few of the nearest relatives and most intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom, who, in accord with the will of the Duchess of St. Albans, assumes the names of "Burdett Coutts" before his own name. Sir Francis Burdett gave his cousin away. Mrs. Trevanion, the elder sister of Lady Burdett Coutts, was not well enough to attend the nuptials, but the wedding breakfast was given at her residence in Chester Square, after which the Baroness and her husband left London for Ingledon, Kent.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD having, like Parliament, been greatly afflicted by Obstructionist members, has at last adopted a set of rules calculated to put an end to the evil. Among the malcontents are Miss Helen Taylor, and Mr. Bonnewell who boldly declares his intention of defying the Chairman and his ruling, remarking that the Board has no Clock Tower and no Sergeant-at-Arms.

THE COLLIES' STRIKE in Lancashire and Yorkshire is still going on, although the Staffordshire miners have agreed to accept a rise of 10 per cent. instead of 15 per cent. The colliers' wives have begun to take an active part in the strike, holding meetings and making speeches in favour of their husbands' determination to hold out to the bitter end.

DISASTERS AT SEA continue to be reported from various ports. On Saturday the P. and O. steamer *Nizam*, which started from Southampton on the previous Wednesday for Bombay, put back into Plymouth Sound for repairs, the vessel and machinery having been much damaged by the tremendous seas which broke over her in the Channel.—On Monday the ship *Little Ross* was dashed to pieces off Buchan Ness during a gale, and the whole crew were drowned except one man, who contrived to swim ashore and climb to a ledge half-way up the face of a precipitous cliff, from whence he was hauled up by a party of quarrymen who happened to hear his cries for help.—The Cunard steamer *Batavia* is safe. She had broken her propeller, and was picked up by the Anchor Line steamer *Columbia*, which took her in tow to Fayal (Azores), where she is lying for repairs.—On Wednesday the Anchor Line steamer *Ethiopia* arrived at Glasgow, having on board the crew of the American ship *Jamestown*, which she had found in a disabled condition in the Atlantic.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. CARLYLE took place on Thursday last week, at Ecclefechan, his native village, the remains being taken from London in company with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, Mr. Froude, Professor Tyndall, and Mr. Lecky, who were joined at Ecclefechan by the relatives, and some 200 of the peasantry. The plain coffin, with its simple inscription of name, and dates of birth and death, was lowered into the grave in profound silence. There is some talk among the Dumfriesshire folk of raising a monument to the late Mr. Carlyle.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.—On Wednesday the Earl of Kimberley presided at a banquet given in celebration of the opening of a new wing of the College buildings. The company included many distinguished members of the scientific, artistic, and literary professions, and amongst the speakers were Viscount Sherbrooke, Professors Tyndall, Max Müller, Koscoe, and Morley, and Sir F. Leighton. A further account of the proceedings will appear next week, when we shall give some views of the new building.

LONDON MORTALITY further declined last week, and 1,633 deaths were registered, against 1,926 during the previous seven days, a decline of 293, being 229 below the average, and at the rate of 23·0 per 1,000. There were 52 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 2), the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals having 683 patients at the end of last week; 20 from measles (a decline of 19), 28 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 10), 17 from diphtheria (an increase of 5), 25 from whooping-cough (a decline of 14), 9 from enteric (an increase of 1), and 10 from diarrhoea (a decline of 6). Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 408 (a decline of 192, and 127 below the average), of which 269 were attributed to bronchitis, and 91 to pneumonia. There were 2,819 births registered, against 2,925 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 118. The mean temperature was 38·8 deg., and 0·8 below the average.



URGENCY is written in large letters over the door of the House of Commons, but Obstruction is displayed in much larger writing within the House. There would be no use in denying the fact that, as far as their application in Committee goes, the Rules of the Speaker have proved almost a dead letter. No one acquainted with the House, and looking in on any day of this week, would have the slightest notion that anything had been done with the object of curbing Obstruction. The clamour of Irish voices fills the Chamber. Amendments which go to the principle of the Bill, and if carried would lead to its rejection, are moved without hope, but persisted in with punctilious anxiety. Once the Committee was reminded of the existence of the Rules, and then perhaps it would have been much better if nothing had been said. This happened on Monday, when Mr. Arthur O'Connor, having successfully occupied so many minutes with dreary speech, was twice called to order by the Chairman of Committees. It is part of the Parliamentary game of the Irish members never—or hardly ever—to challenge the decision of the Chairman. Even Mr. Healy, to whom a burlesque assumption of courtesy does not come easily, makes awkward attempts to express his willingness to abide by the decision of the Chair. Mr. Arthur O'Connor is generally very successful in this part of the farce, being accustomed to declare even in plaintive tones that if there is one joy more acute than another it is the feeling with which he bows to the decision of the Chair. But on Monday he lost his temper, and, relapsing into old habits, moved to report progress.

This is a power, vested by the Constitution in any member, of punishing Ministers and the Committee for any personal slight he may have received. In private company, if a man finds his conversation is unpalatable, or does not evoke even that manifestation of interest shown by mechanically listening, it generally occurs to him that perhaps he had better cease talking. In the House of Commons with Irish members the thing to do in these painful circumstances is to punish the Committee by putting them to the trouble of dividing on a question to report progress. This Mr. O'Connor did on Monday night, it being just on the stroke of half past ten. Mr. Lyon Playfair thereupon acted with refreshing decision. He announced that a motion to report progress at such an hour was simply an act of obstruction, and that therefore (he was understood to say) he should decline to put it. The Irish members, who are curiously susceptible to the slightest check of authority, were manifestly taken aback by this unsuspected vigour on the part of an authority which they had not learned to respect. The Ministerialists loudly cheered, and the clouds of obstruction were broken by a gleam of prospect of really making some progress. To the profound astonishment of everybody, the consternation of the Ministerialists, and the uproarious delight of the Irish members, it turned out that either the Chairman had been indistinctly heard, or he had changed his mind, for now he was clearing the House for a division. On the Treasury Bench an excited conversation took place, and some communication was made with the Chairman. But, however the thing had happened, whether it was a mistake or a deliberate process, it was now too late to amend it. Nobody quite knew what was going to be done, and Mr. Sullivan, remaining seated with his hat on in accordance with the etiquette in such circumstances, declared that he had not heard any question put.

When the sand in the glass was exhausted, and members were ranged in anticipation of hearing the question put (for the second time it should have been), all doubt vanished, and with loud cheers the Irish members heard the Chairman putting the question they had raised, and which it was understood he had, acting on the authority of the new Rules, declined to put. What followed was the division with precisely that loss of time upon which Mr. O'Connor had reckoned when moving it. The Rule dealing with divisions in Committee provides an alternative for the Chairman. He may either put the question to report progress without permitting debate, or he may, recognising an act of obstruction, decline to put it. It was the former course which Mr. Playfair adopted, and the Obstructionists very rightly agreed that they had scored a point.

It is probable that within a very short time, perhaps within a few hours, the recognised necessity of dealing in a new way with Obstruction will force itself upon the Speaker. No one who sits through the long and wearisome debate in Committee will be inclined to concede that the proceedings are carried on within the limits of the new regulations, or, indeed, in the spirit of the older rules of debate. Mr. Brand manages with conspicuous success to hold his own. In Committee the authority of the Chairman is derided, the rules are ignored, and Obstruction reigns duly triumphant. The instance given above supplies by no means an exaggerated example of the kind of discipline maintained in Committee, and of the precise nature of the personal authority responsible for order. The consequence is seen in the snail-like pace of the Bill through Committee. A week ago the Speaker's Regulations were published, and consideration of them by those responsible for the conduct of business in the House led to the conclusion that Committee on the Protection Bill might be disposed of in a couple of nights, and that at some early hour last Saturday morning this stage would have been accomplished. There is certainly nothing within the four corners of the Bill that might not be thoroughly and even exhaustively discussed in the sixteen or twenty hours which it would have been possible to devote to its consideration in the course of a couple of nights. Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions, it will be remembered, were debated and decided upon in a single sitting, that practically did not commence till nine o'clock and finished before one. In some respects the Coercion Bill is of a more important character even than Resolutions which affect the whole course of Imperial legislation. There is unhappily nothing new about a Coercion Bill, whilst Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions presented new and momentous considerations. But when the hour was reached at which it was hoped it would be through Committee it found members still engaged upon the second line of the first clause.

The proceedings of the week have been singularly devoid of interest. At an early hour on Wednesday morning the ex-Attorney-General contributed some excitement to the melancholy proceeding by passionately advocating an amendment moved from the Irish quarter which it turned out he had a few minutes earlier voted against, and which, when it came to a division, he ran away from. But this was a mere flash in the pan, and only served to gild the last hours of an infinitely dull night. For the most part there has been, night after night, the same dull plodding speeches by men of the stamp of Mr. M'Coan, Dr. Commins, and Mr. Arthur O'Connor, gentlemen doubtless of perfect honesty of intention, and actuated by no other motive but pure patriotism. At the same time it must be confessed that they are about the dreariest speakers known to the present generation of the House of Commons. In former times Obstruction has been relieved by something like wit and humour. To-day these characteristics are almost entirely absent. There are still some of the older favourites in the House, but they are thrust into the background by the ponderous force of dulness possessed by the gentlemen named.

As far as interest has been excited in the Parliamentary

proceedings of the week, it has centred around the question-hour. The question put on behalf of Mr. P. D. Sullivan on Monday, and supplemented by another submitted by Mr. Cowen on Thursday, related to the alleged opening of letters by order of the Executive. The correspondence thus dealt with is known to be that of Mr. Parnell and some of his "confederates"—to use a word made Parliamentary during the reign of the last Government. Nothing was drawn from the Home Secretary beyond a statement of the general law of the case; but an uneasy impression remains with the Parnellites that their worst fears are realised, and that, by one means or another, the Home Secretary knows a great deal more of their movements than they would desire.



MR. BOOTH made his appearance on Monday evening at the NEW PRINCESS'S Theatre in *King Lear*, a tragedy which, if we except some more or less imperfect performances at our suburban theatres, has never been seen in London since the Italian actor, Signor Rossi, was among us, nearly five years ago. The play has not been a popular one—at least since the decline of the public taste for tragedy; for there is little to relieve the sad and sombre story except the fine imaginative speeches with which the wonderful creation abounds; and these are apt to miss their effect from the defective elocutionary methods of our stage, and the curious knack of depoetising—so to speak—poetical dialogue which is exhibited by our actors. At the Princess's, the gentleman who represents Edgar delivers the beautiful passage describing the imaginary precipice in such a way that it would be quite possible for a listener, not familiar with the lines, to hear them without suspecting that they possess any special merit. Mr. Booth's portrait of the old King is a fine study, full of very subtle touches and remarkable for its delicate yet well defined gradations. The irritability and violence of the earlier scenes foreshadow, as they should do, the complete mental wreck of the later acts; the wild excitement of the intermediate stages, in like manner, prepare for the reaction after exhaustion and rest, and the pitiable, childish clinging to tokens of happier times, when he recognises his daughter Cordelia. Mr. Booth's version takes considerable liberties in the way of retrenchment and transposition of scenes; but these tamperings have not been conducted in the old irreverent spirit; and the tragic ending, with its overwhelming pathos, is, we need hardly say, left intact. In the final scene Mr. Booth's acting is simple, noble, and affecting in the highest degree; but the lack of a prevailing spirit of poetry—arising from the general inefficiency of the performers, deprives the horrors of the story of the refining influence which is wanted to render them tolerable; and it is to be feared that Mr. Booth's fine impersonation will not in itself suffice to render the revival popular.

At the ROYALTY Theatre, a new domestic drama written by Mr. Joseph Mackay, and entitled *Peggy*, has been produced with some success. The romantic story of the Irish girl who is put to the calling of an itinerant musician, and who adopts for that purpose the picturesque Italian costume with which our London streets are familiar, must not be tested by any severe canons of truth or probability, if the spectator is desirous of lending a temporary faith to its incidents; for the heroine inspires a genuine passion in the breast of a very eligible nobleman, and yet has so great a preference for a worthless and unprepossessing companion of her early privations that she dies of grief when he kills her for another. Mr. Mackay's dialogue is sprightly, and Miss Kate Lawler, though she has no great command of pathos, acts with much cleverness, and is successful in awakening interest in the part of the heroine. Mr. Righton plays with humour the character of an Irish doctor, and the play is, on the whole, tolerably well acted. It is followed by the new burlesque, entitled *Don Juan, Junior*, which appears to have gained a firm footing in the esteem of the patrons of the pretty little house under Miss Lawler's management.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's historical drama, *The Nine Days' Queen*, of which we gave some account on the occasion of its recent production at a matinée at the Gaiety, has been reproduced at the ROYAL CONNAUGHT Theatre. Miss Harriet Jay, the author of that clever novel, "The Queen of Connaught," again sustains the character of the heroine. By way of introduction to the evening's entertainment the management have produced a comic drama in two acts, entitled *Only a vagabond*, founded on one of Mr. Robert Buchanan's "London Poems." The story of this little piece is somewhat extravagant. It represents a solicitor of position conspiring with his father, who is a tramp and a mendicant, to coerce a young lady into a marriage, while concealing from her the circumstance that she is an heiress under a will, which is to be fraudulently hidden for the purpose. The old tramp proves a marplot; and finally, his sympathies being aroused by the young lady's appeal to his generosity, he declines to be a party to the deception, and assists in exposing the nefarious scheme. The moral seems to be that a generous ne'er-do-well is morally superior to a smug solicitor of crafty and designing habits; but this is a thesis hardly worth maintaining in two acts. The story, such as it is, however, is skilfully set forth, and the dialogues and incidents amuse the audience: though Mr. Wood plays the part of the father with annoying exaggeration; and the representative of the young heroine is too manifestly a manifest novice. The best piece of acting in the play is Mr. Beaumont's performance of the part of the wicked solicitor.

A romantic drama, with the somewhat clumsy title *Her World Against a Lie*, was performed at the ADELPHI Theatre on Saturday morning last, for the first time in London. The author is Miss Florence Marryat, who has taken for the basis of her piece her own novel of the same name, and who, moreover, plays one of its leading characters very cleverly. The basis of the story is furnished by the sorrows and trials of a lady who, in order to secure the guardianship of her own child, of which she has been legally deprived by the cruel will of a drunken husband, denies her own marriage, and suffers obloquy and persecution in consequence. The play is far from being faultless in construction, or consistent in the delineation of character; but it awakens interest and amuses the audience, notwithstanding the somewhat crude style of acting of the representative of the youthful hero—the son of the persecuted mother—and the not less immature efforts of the heroine.

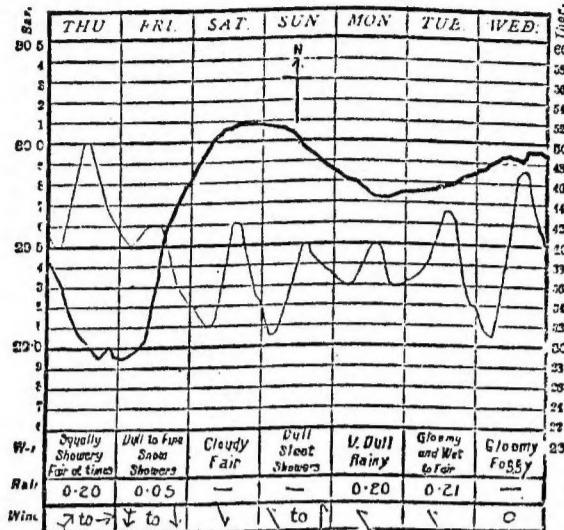
*Macbeth* has once more been revived at the NEW SADLER'S WELLS, which theatre, since the lamented death of Mrs. Bateman, has passed, with the good wishes of numerous friends and admirers, into the hands of her daughter, Miss Isabel Bateman. Mr. Warner's impersonation of the guilty usurper is not the best of his achievements, though it has the merit of energy and picturesqueness. Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) reappears as Lady Macbeth, a character which she sustained at the Lyceum when Mr. Irving revived this play a few years ago, and Mr. Hermann Vezin appears as Macduff—a part which he plays with true pathos and excellent elocutionary art.

A version, by Mr. Hugh Marston, of Émile Augier's play *Diane* was produced on Wednesday evening at the PARK Theatre in Camden Town.

The new drop curtain, painted by Mr. William J. Callcott, with the figures by Mr. John Absolon, if not fulfilling all the conditions that would satisfy a critic of pure art, is highly appropriate to the

ALHAMBRA Theatre. The scene represents the performance, in Italy, of the ancient pantomime that usually took place in the open air. The Italians were really the originators of pantomime; and it was probably brought to this country by bands of strolling players who, as no dialogue was required, were able to amuse the people of any countries through which they travelled.

#### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FEBRUARY 10 TO FEBRUARY 16 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather has been cloudy, gloomy, and damp during the greater part of the week, but the last few days have been much quieter and more settled than the beginning of the period. On Thursday morning (10th inst.) a very deep depression was found to be advancing towards our western coasts, and the wind in London was blowing a fresh strong gale from the south-west, with heavy squalls and showers. The disturbance did not move much in the course of the day, but at night it travelled rapidly across the country in a south-easterly direction, and on Friday morning (11th inst.) its centre was found over the eastern part of the English Channel. The wind, after falling, veered to westward, suddenly shifted to north north-east, and blew a gale from that quarter at about midday, while the weather continued squally and showery, with snow in the afternoon. On Friday night, however, the wind gradually subsided, and the weather improved considerably. Saturday (12th inst.) was, on the whole, fair and bright, but a fresh fall of the barometer in the west showed that conditions were by no means settled, and on Sunday (13th inst.), when the wind had returned to the southward, some showers of sleet and cold rain fell, with dull, gloomy weather. Since that time there has been very little change. No depression of any importance has appeared on our coasts, but at the same time many small subsidiary disturbances have travelled over or near us, and have served to keep the weather in a very dull, gloomy, and grey condition. On Wednesday (16th inst.) there was a good deal of fog, while a somewhat decided fall of the barometer in the west seemed to indicate the approach of a depression of greater intensity than those which have visited us in the course of the past few days. Temperature has been rather low all the week, and on Sunday and Monday (13th and 14th inst.) the maximum was only 45°. The barometer was highest (30.08 inches) on Saturday (12th inst.); lowest (28.95 inches) on Thursday and Friday (10th and 11th inst.); range, 1.13 inches. Temperature was highest (50°) on Thursday (10th inst.); lowest (41°) on Sunday (13th inst.) and Wednesday (16th inst.); range, 1.19°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0.66 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.21 inches, on Tuesday (15th inst.).

MR. CARLYLE'S NOTES AND PAPERS, including his "Reminiscences," are in the hands of Mr. J. A. Froude, and will probably be brought out in three instalments. The materials are exceedingly voluminous, particularly the letters, and will have to be carefully sifted before publication. The "Reminiscences" will appear first, and include sketches of E. Irving and Lord Jeffrey.

THE WINTRY GALE OF THE NIAGARA FALLS is particularly magnificent this year. Ice mounds are 120 feet high, and are climbing their way to the top of the Canadian Falls, for the first time for many winters. The Horse Shoe Fall is frozen solid 200 feet from either shore, and the American Falls are divided by the ice into five distinct bodies of water. The icicles and stalactites are reported to be most curious and beautiful, ice fringes hanging thickly from the cedars, while the large trees on Goat and Prospect Islands are completely frosted over, and many near the Falls have fallen beneath the weight of the snow. The thermometer averages about zero. Throughout the United States this winter appears only to have been equalled by the seasons of 1808, 1812, and 1819, and during the recent "blizzard" river navigation was generally suspended for a week, and even the sea off Sandy Hook was frozen for nearly a mile from shore.

REGIMENTAL TARTANS.—Mr. Childers seems to have drawn a hornet's nest about his ears by his proposal to abolish the distinctive tartans as now worn by the various Highland regiments; and sooth to say, it can hardly be wondered at that such an utter disregard of the national pride of our Scottish soldiers should have aroused the indignation of their countrymen, and called forth a storm of protests and opposition. The matter has been taken up by the Scottish Corporation and the Highland Society, petitions against the projected change being extensively signed, and on Thursday there was to be a great gathering of the clans at Stafford House, under the presidency of The Macintosh of Macintosh, at which the whole subject was to be thoroughly ventilated. The grievance is undeniably a sentimental one, but it is none the less real on that account, and we should think that very few Englishmen can help sympathising deeply and heartily with feelings which prompt each "brither Scot" to raise his voice in condemnation of the proposal to deprive him of the dearly-prized insignia with which are connected so many cherished historical associations. Sir Frederick Roberts, in his eloquent speech at the Mansion House banquet on Monday, reminded us of the danger of doing anything which would tend to diminish that *esprit de corps* which has always been an element of great value in the character of the British soldier, and the War Office authorities would do well to take the warning to heart. The petty economy which is the chief reason urged in favour of the contemplated change is scarcely worth a moment's consideration when compared with the gross indignity to the instinct and spirit of all true Highlanders which it would involve. Each clan has, as is well known, its especial plaid, the arrangement of colours, and the relative breadth and brilliancy of the interwoven lines varying in each. These distinctions, though almost inappreciable in some instances to the ignorant Saxon eye, are for the Gael records and trophies of many dearly-cherished episodes of history, and mementoes of many hard won fights, in which he and his ancestors have achieved honour and glory. The dress of each regiment is as dear to the men who compose it as are the tattered regimental colours which they have so often followed to victory, and in defence of which they have again and again loyally fought even unto death. Britain has good reason to be proud of the dauntless courage and indomitable energy of the Scottish portion of her army, and it would be the essence of un wisdom, as well as a gross injustice, to put any affront upon the nation whose sons have so gallantly fought against the enemies of the Empire.



THE EARLIEST PRINTED BIBLE KNOWN was sold on Tuesday in London for 700*l*. It contained the Old Testament only, and was printed at Metz by Gutenberg in 1452, being believed to be the first book ever printed by moveable types.

A VALUABLE CONTRIVANCE for the transport of persons suffering from infectious diseases has been adopted in Paris. Special vehicles have been made of bamboo and varnished wood, which can be easily cleaned and disinfected by jets of steam and chemical materials.

A CENTURY AND A-HALF OF EXISTENCE was celebrated last month by the *Hamburgische Correspondent*, which was started in 1731, although it is believed to have existed in 1710 under another name. The journal published a jubilee number containing a photographic reproduction of the first number.

ITALIAN WOMEN, hitherto somewhat behind their contemporaries in the woman's work movement, have at length found out the sweets of independence. Many Italian ladies now contribute by divers pursuits to the household expenses, literature being their favourite field, and some indeed being playwrights.

A FINE PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ has been placed in the Dresden Museum. The picture, which recalls the style of Rubens, and was probably painted for the Castle of Torre della Parada, represents a group of the chief personages of Philip IV.'s Court arrayed in mythological costume, the Queen appearing as Diana.

A CURIOUS MATRIMONIAL AGENCY flourishes in Paris, which not only arranges marriages, but undertakes to make all the necessary visits for the contracting parties. Amongst its staff are a number of "highly correct gentlemen," who are got-up with beard, whiskers, or moustache, to represent as closely as possible the intending bridegroom, and these pay visits, leave cards, and transact all the needful social business of the wedding.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S "ENDYMION" costs more in its native land than in any other country. The London edition is published at 3*s. 6d.*, whereas the authorised German translation sells for 18*s.*, the Tauchnitz can be had for 3*s. 4d.*, and the American version for 2*s.* With true Transatlantic energy this last edition was published within fifty-five hours of its arrival in America.

A QUAINTE RELIC of early steam navigation is now owned by the Chicago Historical Society—the original working plan from which was constructed the first vessel which crossed the Atlantic entirely propelled by steam. This was the *Royal William*, built at Quebec in 1831, which made the passage in twenty-five days, and was subsequently bought by the Spanish Government, who converted it into the first steam man-of-war.

THE CURRENT COIN OF THE REALM now in use throughout the United Kingdom amounts to some twelve hundred and thirty millions, of which one hundred and thirty millions sterling consist of gold alone. The silver coins number some 300,000,000, according to the *City Press*, the largest amount being in shillings, about 125,540,160, while the sixpences amount to 82,125,220, and the half-crowns to 41,516,343. As to the bronze money, 6,000 tons have been struck since the Royal Mint was first instituted.

SEVERAL ELECTRIC RAILWAYS will be included in the coming Paris Electrical Exhibition. One line will connect the Place de la Concorde with the Palais de l'Industrie, crossing the Champs Elysées on a viaduct, and running in one place through an artificial tunnel lighted by electric lamps. The large machinery, says *Engineering*, will occupy the basement of the Palais, and in the galleries will be displayed the numerous applications of electricity recently made to daily life, apartments being fitted up with call bells, fire alarms, telephones, &c., and illuminated by the different kinds of electric lamps. Probably the amount of horse-power supplied will enable 600 lamps to be lighted simultaneously. The United States are now proposing to hold a similar display in 1882.

THE LAVISH USE OF REAL FLOWERS in Transatlantic houses increases so rapidly that the florist's bill forms one of the largest items in the domestic budget. Rare plants and blossoms crowd every available corner and vase, till the rooms resemble a greenhouse; and hostesses vie with each other in producing novel floral decorations. Cornucopias and horseshoes have grown common, and the success of the winter is a miniature sleigh filled with roses; while at a recent dinner to General Grant every plate was encircled by a wreath of smilax, and a basket of blossoms three feet in diameter occupied the centre of the table. Ladies suspend rustic baskets full of rare flowers from their waistbelts; and a favourite bodice bouquet consists of a snow-white dove holding in its bill a bunch of violets, lilies of the valley, or forget-me-nots.

THE LORD MAYOR presided at the festival, just held, of the Warehousesmen and Clerks' Schools. The Institution aims at encouraging providence amongst poor clerks, who by paying 1*s.* may secure to a child a provision in life in the event of their death. Of course this must be aided by their employers; thus a great interest is taken by City firms in keeping up the standard of efficiency that enables 216 children to be reared to become healthy and useful members of the community. The condition of commerce has been the cause of a serious falling-off in the annual subscriptions, and people with means are earnestly invited to aid the committee in their efforts to maintain the establishment on its present footing. The Secretary, Mr. Thomas White, will furnish full details, much of which are of an interesting nature. The office is at 97, Cheap-side, E.C.

THE LANGUAGE OF GLOVES may now be added to those secret tongues which find speech in flowers, fans, and even the prosaic postage-stamp. "Yes" is said by dropping one glove, the *Parisian* tells us, "No" by rolling the gloves in the right hand. If you wish to express indifference partly unglove the left hand, if encouragement strike your left shoulder. "I should wish to be beside you" is implied by gently smoothing the gloves, the warning "you are observed" is signified by turning them round the fingers. To ask if you are loved glove the left hand except the thumb, and to declare "I love you" let both gloves fall. "I love you no longer" is pronounced by striking the gloves several times against the chin, "I hate you" by turning them inside out. As a sign of displeasure strike the back of your hand against the gloves, and if you are "furious" take them away altogether.

THE CEYLON PEARL FISHERIES seem to be in a highly promising condition, as the recent Government inspection showed that both the value of the oysters and the weight of the pearls had greatly increased within the last year. One bank, Sillavatural, was estimated to contain fifty-eight millions of oysters, and the fishery is to be begun earlier than usual, so as to profit by the fine weather. Curiously enough a bed of young oysters is dying off—a most unprecedented occurrence, as, though oysters under two years old are apt to shift their quarters, such wholesale death has never been known. Talking of bivalves, an oyster war broke out recently on a Virginian river, when a fleet of strange boats poached on the native fisheries. Verbal remonstrance proving useless a cannon was brought to bear on the marauders, who returned the compliment with muskets and the pivot-guns used for duck-shooting. The cannon won the day, however, and the alien dredgers retreated in confusion.

## MAJOR-GENERAL SIR G. P. COLLEY,

THE Commander-in-Chief of our forces in the Transvaal, whose position, according to the latest accounts, is of an extremely critical character, is the son of the late Hon. George Francis Colley, and grandson of the third Viscount Harberton. He entered the army in 1852, became Captain in the 2nd Regiment of Foot in 1860, Major in 1863, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1873, and Colonel in 1874. He was engaged in the campaigns on the Cape frontier in 1858-9 and 1861, and was twice thanked by the Government for his services; throughout the China War of 1860, for which he received a medal and two clasps; and in the Ashantee War of 1873-4; after which he was made a C.B., and was awarded the medal with clasp. From 1876 to 1879 he was in India with Lord Lytton as Private Secretary to the late Viceroy, and in 1879 he was appointed chief of the Staff to Sir Garnet Wolseley in Natal. He was created a C.M.G. in 1878, and a K.C.S.I. in 1879. Almost immediately after the outbreak of the revolt in the Transvaal Sir G. P. Colley, without waiting for reinforcements from England or India, started from Newcastle with his little army of 1,300 men to relieve the beleaguered garrisons of Pretoria and Potchefstroom, and it will be fresh in our readers' recollection that he received a decided check at the hands of the Boers when attempting to force his way through a pass in the Drakensberg at Laing's Nek, his losses being 195 officers and men killed and wounded. A few days afterwards Sir G. P. Colley had another almost equally disastrous engagement with the enemy on a plateau near the River Ingogo, in which he lost 150 men and eight officers killed and wounded.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Co., 1874, Piccadilly, W.

## GENERAL SKOBELEFF'S SIEGE OF GEOK-TEPE

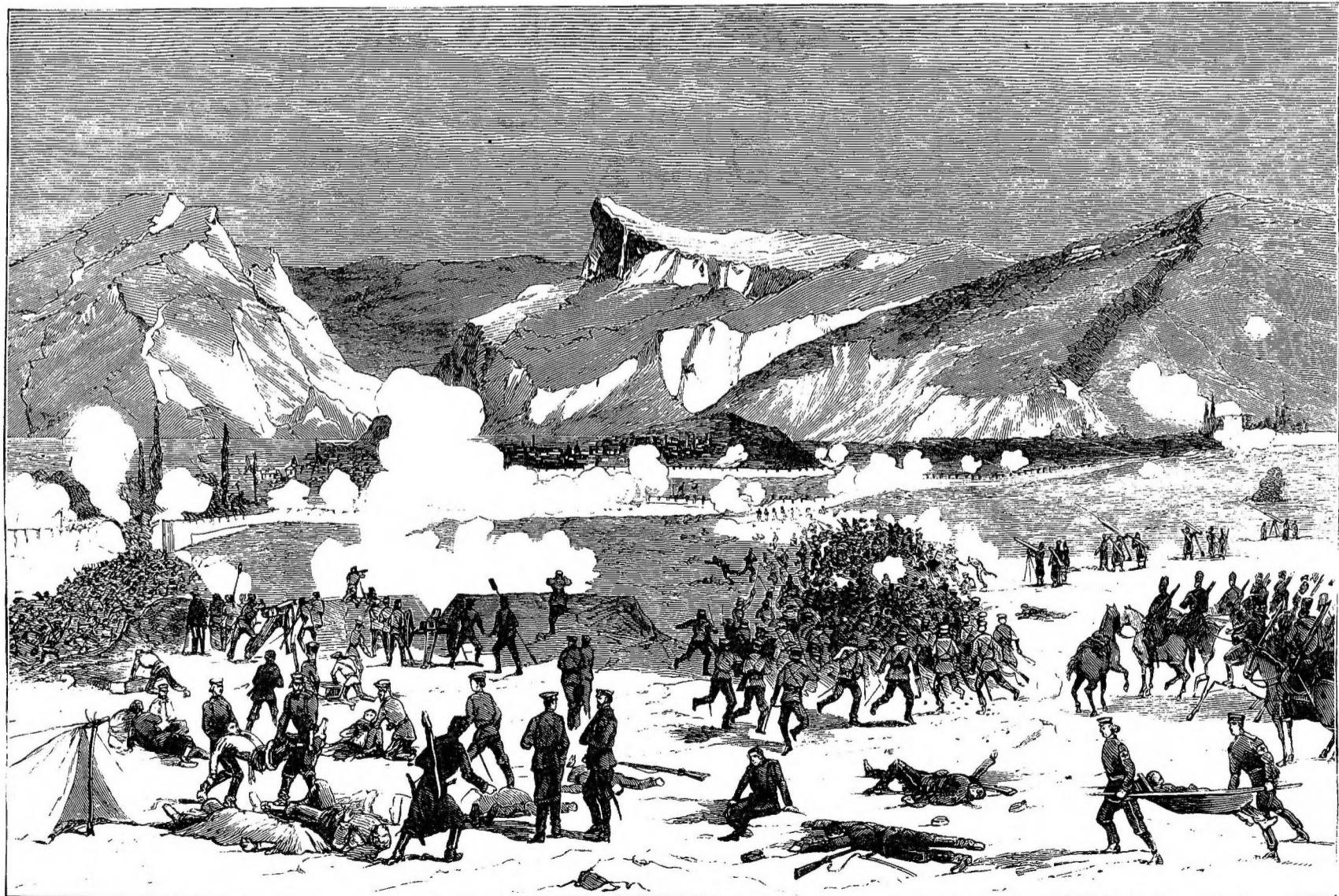
GEOK-TEPE, which was stormed and captured on the 24th ult. by General Skobeleff, was the stronghold of the Tekke-Turcomans, with whom Russia has been so long waging warfare. Geok-Tepe is situated on the high road between the Caspian and Merv, and is not a single fortress, but rather a group of fortified defences, extending for some miles along a little river which flows from the mountains on the south through the oasis to the desert on the north. The district was



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE POMEROY COLLEY, K.C.S.I., C.B., C.M.G.  
Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in the Transvaal

invested by General Skobeleff at the beginning of January, and for three weeks the Russians delivered a series of assaults, and captured the various parallels and outworks one by one, each inch of ground being vigorously contested by the Turkomans. These fought with determined bravery, and on their side made continual sorties, which, though defeated, inflicted great loss upon the Russians. The first parallel was captured on the 4th ult., and from that time the trenches were pushed forward, and twenty days afterwards, after nine hours' desperate fighting, General Skobeleff carried first the fort of Denzil Tepe and then the central fortress of Geok Tepe itself, literally at the point of the sword. The Russian loss was considerable, as the enemy outnumbered them by nearly four to one, the Muscovite army consisting of 13,000 men, while the Turkomans were estimated at 40,000. The latter, however, were unprovided with any artillery save a few old cannon, but were well armed with rifles. Our sketch depicts one of the earlier assaults, and will give some idea of the nature of the fighting. Now that their stronghold is taken the power of the Turkomans is completely broken, and though they may continue a desultory nomad warfare they are not likely to give much further trouble to the Russians. The next question is, Will the Russians themselves rest satisfied with their achievement, or will they, now that they are on the high road, advance to Merv, and thus secure that post of advantage—the possession of which has been the dread of Russophobists and the dream of those ambitious Muscovites who look upon the conquest of India as a mere matter of time?

SERICULTURE IN CALIFORNIA is being planned by some of the chief San Franciscan merchants, who have formed a Silk Culture Association, to encourage the planting of the white mulberry-tree and the breeding of the silk-worm. As the climate is particularly adapted to the growth of the worm, the undertaking promises well. Another proposed introduction is ostrich-farming, and an American gentleman intends to take up some waste lands in San Bernardino County, and start with a hundred pairs of birds. Considering that there is neither drought nor want of food in Lower California, he thinks that ostrich-farms there will prove far more profitable than in South Africa, where there are so many natural causes to contend against.



THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA—THE SIEGE OF GEOK TEPE BY GENERAL SKOBELEFF: ASSAULTING THE FORTIFICATIONS



DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

My guardian played the harpsichord for me, while my dancing-master gave me lessons in the minuet.

## THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

By WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC.

### PART II.

#### THE QUEEN OF THE WELLS

##### CHAPTER I.

###### HOW WE RETURNED TO THE POLITE WORLD

WE love those places most where we lived when we were young, and where we were wooed and won, and where we had those sweet dreams, which can only come to the very young, of a happy future, impossible in this transitory and fleeting life. Dear to me and romantic are the scenes which to many are associated with disease and infirmity, or at best with the mad riot of the race, the assembly, and the ball.

Truly there is no time, for a woman, like the time when she is young and beautiful, and is courted by a troop of lovers. She feels her power, though she does not understand it; she remembers it long after the power has gone, with the witchery of bright eyes, soft cheeks, and blooming youth. I think there can never be any faith or hope in the future so strong as to resist the sigh over the past, the feeling that it is better to be young than to be old: to blossom than to wither.

When we went to Epsom Wells we had managed between us, by silence as to the past and a tacit understanding, to forget the Rules altogether. Forgetting, indeed, is easy. Surely the butterfly forgets the days when it was a mere crawling grub; Cophetua's queen no doubt soon learned to believe that she had royal blood, or blue blood at least, in her peasant veins (for my own part, I think the king should have mated with one nearer his own rank). There is little difficulty in putting out of sight what we wish forgotten. There was a man, for instance, about the Fleet market, running odd jobs, who actually had forgotten that he was once hanged. The people used to go there on purpose to see the wretch, who was, I remember, bow-legged and long-armed, with broad shoulders; his face was marked with small pox; he squinted; he had a great scar upon his cheek; the bridge of his nose was broken; he had no forehead visible; his ears projected on either side, and were long, like the ears of a mule; his eye-teeth were like tusks; and as for his expression, it was that which John Bunyan may have had in his mind when he wrote about the mob in Vanity Fair, or the ill-favoured ones who got over the wall and accosted Christiana—an expression which one may briefly describe as indicating mind not set upon spiritual things. Now this man had actually once been hanged, but being taken away after the hanging to Barber Surgeon's Hall, near St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, was then restored to life by one who thought to dissect him. That was why everybody looked

after him, and would have asked him questions if they had dared accost such a ruffian. For it seemed to the unthinking as if he, alone among living men, had, like Dante and Virgil, gone into the regions of the dead, conversed with the spirits of the unjust (being himself a monstrous criminal), and, after witnessing their tortures, had returned to the living. To those who bribed him with rum and then put questions, he replied that as for the hanging, it might be as the gentleman said, but he had forgotten it. As for what he saw between his hanging and his restoration to life, he had forgotten that too. Now if a man can forget having been hung, it stands to reason that he can forget anything.

At all events, without the insensibility of this wretch, we speedily agreed to forget the Fleet Rules, and in all our conversations to make as if we had never been there at all, and knew of the place, if at all, then only by hearsay and common bruit and rumour. As for the Chaplain of the Fleet, the great promoter of those marriages which made the place infamous and the chief performer of them notorious, we agreed that we were only to think of him as our benefactor.

Not that we put these resolutions into words, but we arrived at them in the manner common among women, with whom a smile or a glance is as intelligible as many words (with a bottle of wine) among men.

It was due to this desire to forget the past that we never even read through the "Farewell to the Fleet," presented to us by Mr. Solomon Stallabras on the morning of our departure. The first four lines, which was as far as I got, ran as follows,—

With easy air of conscious worth expressed,  
Fair Pimpernel her sorrows oft addressed;  
The listening echoes poured her sighs abroad,  
Which, all unheard by men, were heard by God.

He handed the verses to us with a low bow as we stepped into the coach, leaving him behind still—poor wretch!—"enjoying" the Liberties.

We first repaired, with the view of spending a period of retirement, to a convenient lodging in Red Lion Street, where Mistress Esther set herself seriously to resume the dress, manner, language, and feelings of a gentlewoman.

"We have been," she said, "like the sun in eclipse. It is true that one does not cease to enjoy, under all circumstances, the pride of gentle birth, which has been my chief consolation during all our troubles. But if one cannot illustrate to the eyes of the world the dignified deportment and genteel appearance due to that position, the possession of the privilege is a mere private grace, like the gift of good temper, patience, or hope."

At first and for some weeks we held daily conversations and consultations on the subject of dress. We were, as may be guessed,

somewhat like Pocahontas, of Virginia, when she left the savages and came into the polite world—because we had to begin from the very first, having hardly anything in which a lady could go abroad, and very little in which she could sit at home. Truly delightful was it to receive every day the packages of brocades, lace, satins, silks, sarsnets, besides chintzes, muslins, woollen things, and fine linen wherewith to deck ourselves, and to talk with the dressmaker over the latest fashion, the most proper style for madam, a lady no longer young, and for me, who, as a girl, should be dressed modestly and yet fashionably.

"We must go fine, child," said Mrs. Esther. "I, for my part, because a fine appearance is due to my position: you, because you are young and beautiful. The gallants, to do them justice, are never slow in running after a pretty face; but they are only fixed by a pretty face in a pretty setting."

Alas! to think that my face, pretty or not, already belonged, willy-nilly, to a man who had never run after it.

Mrs. Esther found that not only the fashions of dress, but those of furniture, of language, of manners, and of thought, were changed since her long imprisonment began. We therefore made it our endeavour by reading papers, by watching people, and by going to such places as the Mall, the Park, and even the fashionable churches, to catch, as far as possible, the mode. Mistress Esther never quite succeeded, retaining to the last a touch of antiquated manners, an old-fashioned bearing and trick of speech, which greatly became her, though she knew it not. Meanwhile we held long and serious talk about the rust of thirty years, and the best way to wear it off.

In one of the sermons of the Reverend Melchior Smallbrook, a divine now forgotten, but formerly much read, the learned clergyman states that the sunshine of prosperity is only dangerous to that soul in which tares are as ready to spring as wheat: adducing as a remarkable example and proof of this opinion, the modern prelates of the Church of England, whose lives (he said) are always models to less fortunate Christians, although their fortunes are so great. Now in Mistress Esther's soul were no tares at all, so that the sunshine of prosperity caused no decrease or diminution of her virtues. She only changed for the better, and especially in point of cheerfulness and confidence. For instance, whereas we were formerly wont, being poorly clad, to creep humbly to church, sit in the seats reserved for the poor (which have no backs to them, because the bishops consider the backs of the poor to be specially strengthened by Providence, which hath laid such heavy burdens upon them), and afterwards spend the day sadly over Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs," we now went in hoops, laces, mantles, or cardinals, with faces patched, to the new church in Queen Square, where we had front seats in the gallery, and after

church we dined off roast meat, with pudding, and after dinner read such discourses as presented, instead of penitential meditations, a thankful, a cheerful view of life. I am sure, for my own part, I found the change greatly for the better.

But we made no new friends, because Mrs. Esther wished to remain in strict retirement until she had recovered what she called the Pimpernel Manner.

"It is a Manner, my dear, as you will perceive when I recover it, at once dignified and modest. My father and my grandfather, both Lord Mayors, possessed it to an eminent degree, and were justly celebrated for it. My poor sister would never have acquired it, being by nature too sprightly. I was gradually learning it when our misfortunes came. Naturally afterwards it would have been absurd to cultivate its further development. The Pimpernel Manner would have been thrown away in—such a place as that to which we retired."

I am so stupid that I never clearly understood the Pimpernel Manner, even when Mrs. Esther afterwards assured me that she had now fully recovered it.

Meantime, my education was resumed in the lighter departments. No girl who had once tackled book-keeping, by single and double entry, could want any more solid instruction. My guardian played the harpsichord for me, while my dancing-master gave me lessons in the minuet; or she personated a duchess, a countess, or even the most exalted lady in the land, while the master, a pink of courtesy, who had once danced on the boards of Drury Lane, presented me dressed in hoops and a train. I was so diligent in dancing that I was soon ready, he assured me, to make a figure at any assembly, whether at Bath, Epsom, Tunbridge Wells, Vauxhall, or Ranelagh. But for the present these gaieties had to be postponed, partly because the Pimpernel Manner was slow in developing, and without it my guardian would not stir abroad, partly because we had no gentlemen to go with us. Sir Miles Lackington would, I am sure, have gone with us, had we asked him to take us. But he was not to be depended upon if a bottle of wine came in the way. Solomon Stallabras would have gone, but the poor poet had no clothes fit for a polite assembly. Moreover, there was an objection, Mrs. Esther said, to both those gentlemen, that the fact of their both being in the enjoyment of the Liberties of the Fleet might have been thrown in our teeth at a polite assembly.

It seemed to me, then, being ignorant of the extreme wickedness of men, a grievous thing that gentlewomen cannot go whithersoever they please without the protection of a man. What sort of an age, I asked, is this, which pretends to have cast aside Gothic barbarism, yet cannot suffer its ladies to go unprotected for fear of insult or damage to their reputation? Scourers and Mohocks, I said, no longer infest the streets, which are for the most part secure even from footpads and purse-cutters. I was as yet, however, unacquainted with that class of man which loves to follow a woman, to stare at her, and to make her tremble with fear, being no better, but rather worse, than so many highwaymen, common bullies, and professed rogues.

Sir Miles Lackington did not desert us. Neither my cruelty, he said, nor his own unworthiness could persuade him to do that; he must needs follow and worship at the shrine of his unattainable sun and shining star—with such nonsense as men will still be talking even when they know that the woman is not for them.

On the occasion of the first visit I privately informed him that we wished to have no mention made of the place where we were once residing. He very kindly agreed to silence on this point, and we sustained between us a conversation after the manner of polite circles. Sir Miles would ask us, with a pinch of snuff, if we liked our present lodging—which was, as I have said, in Red Lion Street, not far from the fields and the Foundling Hospital—better than those to be obtained in Hill Street and Bruton Street, or some other place frequented by the best families. Madam, with a fashionable bow, would reply that we were favourably placed as regards air, that of Bloomsbury being good for persons like herself, of delicate chests; and that concerning educational conveniences for Miss, she found the quarter superior to that mentioned by Sir Miles. Then the honest baronet would relate, without yawning or showing any signs of fatigue, such stories of fashionable life as he had learned from those who had lately come to the Fleet, or remembered from his short career among the world of fashion. We agreed, always without unnecessary waste of words, to consider him as a gentleman about town, familiar with the Great.

The doctor came but rarely. He brought wise counsel. He was a miracle of wisdom. No one is ever so wise in the conduct of his friends' affair as he who has wrecked his own. Have we not seen farseeing and prudent Ministers of State, who have conducted the business of the nation with skill and success, yet cannot manage their own far more simple business?

Mrs. Esther talked to no one but to him about the past. She had no secrets from him. She even wished him, if possible, to share in her good fortune, and wanted him to appease his creditors with half of all that was hers. But he refused.

"My imprisonment," he said, "is also my freedom. While I am lying in the Fleet I can go abroad as I please; I fear no arrest; my conscience does not reproach me when I pass a shop and think of what I owe the tradesman who keeps it, because my creditors have paid themselves by capture of my body. Your purse, dear madam, were it ten times as long, would not appease the hungry maw of all my creditors and lawyers. Of old, before I took refuge among the offal and offscouring of humanity, the prodigal sons, and the swine, there was no street west of Temple Bar where I did not fear the voice of a creditor or expect the unfriendly shoulder-tap of a bailiff. Besides, were I free, what course would be open to me? Now I live in state, with the income of a dean: outside I should live in meanness, with the income of a curate. I will retire from my present position—call it cure of souls, madam—when the Church recognises merit by translating me from the Fleet market to a fat prebendal stall. And, believe me, Virtue may find a home even beside those stalls, and among those grunting swine."

I understand now, being much older and abler to take a just view of things, that if my uncle could have obtained his discharge he would have been unwilling to take it. For, granted that he was a learned and eloquent man, that he would have attracted multitudes to hear him, learning and eloquence, in the Church, do not always obtain for a clergyman the highest preferment; the doctor, who was no longer young, might have had to languish as a curate on forty or sixty pounds per annum, even though it became the fashion to attend his sermons. And, besides, his character was for ever gone, among his brethren of the cloth. A man who has been a Fleet parson is like one who has passed a morning in hedging and ditching. He must needs wash all over. Truly, I think that the doctor was right. To exercise the functions of his sacred calling all the morning for profit, to drink with his friends all the evening, to spend a large portion of his gains in deeds of charity and generosity among a poor, necessitous, prodigal, greedy, spendthrift, hungry, thirsty, and shameful folk, who rewarded his liberality by a profusion of thanks, blessings, and good wishes, was more in accordance with the doctor's habits of thought. He persuaded himself, or tried to persuade others, that he was doing a good work in the morning; in the afternoon he performed works of charity; in the evening he abandoned himself to the tempter, who led him to sing, drink, and jest among the rabble rout of Comus.

One morning he bade me put on my hat and walk with him, because he had a thing to say. I obeyed with fear, being certain he was going to speak about my unknown husband.

"Girl!" he said, as we walked past the last house in Red Lion

Street, and along the pathway which leads to the Foundling Hospital. "Girl, I have to remind you and to warn you."

I knew well what was to be the warning.

"Remember, you are now seventeen and more; you are no longer a young and silly girl, you are a young woman; thanks to your friends, you have taken the position of a young gentlewoman—even an heiress. You will soon leave this quiet lodging and go where you will meet society and the great world; you are pretty and well-mannered; you will have beaux and gallants dangling their clouded canes at your heels and asking your favours. But you are married. Remember that: you are married. You must be careful not to let a single stain rest upon your reputation."

"Oh, sir!" I cried, "I have endeavoured to forget that morning. Was that marriage real? The poor young gentleman was tipsy. Can a tipsy man be married?"

"Real?" The doctor stood and gazed at me with angry eyes and puffed cheeks, so that the old terror seized me in spite of my fine frock and hoop. "Real? Is the girl mad? Am I not Gregory Shovel, Doctor of Divinity of Christ's College, Cambridge? Not even the King's most sacred Majesty is married in more workmanlike fashion. Let your husband try to escape the bond. Know that he shall be watched; let him try to set it aside; he shall learn by the intervention of learned lawyers, if he do not trust my word, that he is as much married as St. Peter himself."

"Alas!" I said, "But how shall my husband love me?"

"Tut! tut! what is love? You young people think of nothing but love—the fond inclination of one person for another. Are you a pin the worse, supposing he never loves you? Love or no love, make up thy mind, child, that happy shall be thy lot. Be contented, patient, and silent. When the right day comes, thou shall step forth to the world as Catherine, Lady Chudleigh."

That day he said no more to me. But he showed that the subject was not out of his thoughts by inquiries into the direction and progress of my studies, which, he hinted, should be such as would befit my rank and position. Madam thought he meant my rank as her heiress, a position which could not be illustrated with too much assiduity.

Soon after we went to Red Lion Street, my uncle gave madam my bag of guineas.

"Here is the child's fortune," he said. "Let her spend it, but with moderation, in buying the frocks, fal-lals, and trifles which a young gentlewoman of fortune should wear. Grudge not the spending. Should more be wanting, more shall be found. In everything, my dear lady, make my niece an accomplished woman, a woman of *ton*, a woman who can hold her own, a woman who can go into any society, a woman fit to become the wife—well—the wife of a lord."

It was on New Year's Day that we left the Fleet; it was in the summer, at the end of June, when we decided that enough had been done to rub off the rust of that unfashionable place.

"You, my dear," said Mrs. Esther, "have the sprightly graces of a well-born and well-bred young woman; I can present you in any society. I, for my part, have recovered the Pimpernel Manner. I can now make an appearance worthy of my father."

I assured my kind lady that although, to be sure, I had never been able to witness the great original and model from which the Pimpernel Manner was derived, yet that no lady had so fine an air as herself; which was certainly true, madam being at once dignified and gifted with a formal condescension very pretty and uncommon.

## CHAPTER II.

### HOW WE WENT TO THE WELLS

ACCESS to the polite world is more readily gained (by those who have no friends) at one of the watering-places than in London. Considering this, we counselled whether it would not be better to visit one, or all, of the English Spas, rather than to climb slowly and painfully up the ladder of London fashion.

Mrs. Esther at first inclined to Bath, which certainly (though it is a long journey thither) is a most stately city, provided with every requisite for comfort, possessing the finest assembly-rooms and the most convenient lodgings. It also affords opportunities for making the acquaintance and studying the manners of the Great. Moreover, there can be no doubt that its waters are efficient in the cure of almost all disorders; and the social enjoyment of the hot bath, taken in the company of the wits and toasts who go to be parboiled together in that liquid Court of scandal, chocolate, and sweets, is surely a thing without a rival.

On the other hand, Tunbridge Wells is nearer London; the roads are good; a coach reaches the place in one day; and, so amazing is the rapidity of communication (in which we so far excel our ancestors), that the London morning papers reach the Wells in the evening, and a letter posted from the Wells in the morning can be answered in the following evening. Also the air is fine at Tunbridge, the waters wholesome, and the amusements are said to be varied. Add to this that it is greatly frequented by the better sort of London citizens, those substantial merchants with their proud and richly dressed wives and daughters, whom Mrs. Esther always looked as forming the most desirable company in the world. So that it was at first resolved to go to Tunbridge.

But while we were making our preparations to go there, a curious longing came upon Mrs. Esther to revisit the scenes of her youth.

"My dear," she said, "I should like to see once more the Wells of Epsom, whither my father carried us every year when we were children. The last summer I spent there was after his death, in the dreadful year of 1720, when the place was crowded with German Jews; and the people who flocked to London with schemes which were to have made all our fortunes, but which only ruined us, filled the prisons and madhouses, drove honest men upon the road and their children to the gutters. Let us go to Epsom."

Epsom Wells, to be sure, was no longer what it had been. Indeed, for a time, the place had fallen into decay. Yet of late, with their horse-racing in April and June, and the strange repute of the bone-setter Sally Wallin, the salubrity of the air on the Downs, the easy access to the town, which lieth but sixteen miles or thereabouts from Paul's, and the goodness of the lodgings, the fame of the place had revived. The gentry of the country-side came to the Monday breakfasts and assemblies, when there was music, card-playing, and dancing; the old buildings were again repaired, and Epsom Wells for a few years was once more crowded. To me, as will presently be very well understood, the place will ever remain a dear romantic spot, sacred to the memory of the sweetest time in a woman's life, when her heart goes out of her keeping, and she listens with fear and delight to the wooing of the man she loves.

We went there in the coach, which took about three hours. We arrived in the afternoon of a sunny day—it was a Friday, which is an unlucky day to begin a journey upon—in the middle of June. We were presently taken to a neat and clean lodging in Church Parade, where we engaged rooms at a moderate charge. The landlady, one Mrs. Crump, was the widow, she told us, of a respectable hosier of Cheapside, who had left her with but a slender stock. Her children, however, were in good service and thriving; and, with her youngest daughter, Cicely, she kept this lodging-house, a poor but genteel mode of earning a livelihood.

The first evening we sat at home until sunset, when we put on our hoods and walked under the trees which everywhere at Epsom afford a delightful shade during the heat of the day, and a romantic obscurity in the twilight. A lane or avenue of noble lime-trees

was planted in the Church Parade. Small avenues of trees led to the houses, and formed porches with rich canopies of green leaves. There was a good deal of company abroad, and we could hear, not far off, the strains of the music to which they were dancing in the Assembly Rooms.

"We have done well, Kitty," said Mrs. Esther, "to come to this place, which is far less changed than since last I came here. I trust it is not sinful to look back with pleasure and regret on the time of youth." Here she sighed. "The good woman of the house, I perceive with pleasure, remembers the name of Pimpernel, and made me a becoming courtesy when I informed her of my father's rank. She remembers seeing his Lord Mayor's Show. There are, it appears, many families of the highest distinction here, with several nabobs, rich Turkey and Russian merchants, great lawyers, and county gentry. She assures me that all are made welcome, and that the assemblies are open to the whole company. And she paid a tribute to thy pretty face, my dear."

In the morning we were awakened, to our surprise and delight, by a delectable concert of music, performed for us, by way of salutation or greeting, by the band belonging to the place. They played, in succession, a number of the most delightful airs, such as "A-hunting we will go," "Fain I would," "Spring's a-coming," "Sweet Nelly, my heart's delight," and "The girl I left behind me." The morning was bright, and a breeze came into my open window from the Surrey Downs, fresh and fragrant with the scent of wild flowers. My brain was filled with the most ravishing ideas, though I knew not of what.

"My dear," said Mrs. Esther, at breakfast, "the compliment of the music shows the discernment of the people. They have learned already that we have pretensions to rank, and are no ordinary visitors, not haberdashers' daughters or grocers."

(It is, we afterwards discovered, the rule of the place thus to salute new comers, without inquiry at all into their rank or fortune. We rewarded the players with half-a-crown from madam, and two shillings from myself.)

It is, surely, a delightful thing to dress one's self in the morning to the accompaniment of sweet music. If I were a queen, I would have a concert of music every day, to begin when I put foot out of bed: to sing in tune while putting on one's stockings: to dance before the glass while lacing one's stays: to handle a comb as if it was a fan, and to brush one's hair with a swimming grace as if one was doing a minuet, while the fiddles and the flutes and the hautboys are playing for you. Before I had finished dressing, however, Cicely Crump, who was a lively, sprightly girl, with bright eyes and little nose, about my own age, came to help me, and told me that those ladies who went abroad to take the air before breakfast wore in the morning an easy *dishabille*, and advised me to tie a hood beneath the chin.

"But not," she said with a laugh, "not to hide too much of your face. What will they say to such a face at the ball?"

We followed her advice, and presently sallied forth. Although it was but seven o'clock, we found a goodly assemblage already gathered together upon the Terrace, where, early as it was, the shade of the trees was agreeable as well as beautiful. The ladies, who looked at us with curiosity, were dressed much like ourselves, and the gentlemen wore morning-gowns, without swords; some of the elder men even wore nightcaps, which seemed to me an excess of simplicity. Everybody talked to his neighbour; and there was a cheerful buzz of conversation.

"Nothing is changed, my dear," said Mrs. Esther, looking about her with great satisfaction; "nothing except the dresses, and these not so much as we might have expected. I have been asleep, dear, like the Beauty in the story, for thirty years. But she kept her youth, that lucky girl, while I—heigh-ho!"

Cicely came with us to show us the way. We went first along the Terrace and then to the New Parade, which was also beautifully shaded with elms and limes. Between them lies the pond, with gold and silver fish, very pretty to look at, and the tumble-down watchhouse at one end. Then she showed us the pump-room.

"Here is the spring," she said, "which cures all disorders: the best medicine in the world."

There was in the room a dipper, as they call the woman who hands the water to those who go to drink it. We were told that it was customary to pay our footing with half-a-crown; but we drank none of the water, which is not, like that of Tunbridge Wells, sweet and pleasant to the taste. Then Cicely led us to another building hard by, a handsome place, having a broad porch with columns, very elegant. This, it appeared, was the Assembly Room, where were held the public balls, concerts, and breakfasts. We entered and looked about us. Mrs. Esther recalled her triumphs in this very room, and shed a tear over the past. Then a girl accosted us, and begged permission to enter our names in a great book. This (with five shillings each by way of fees) made us free of all the entertainments of the season.

Near the Assembly Rooms was the coffee-house, used only by the gentlemen.

"They pretend," said Cicely, "to come here for letter-writing and to read the news. I do not know how many letters they write, but I do know what they talk about, because I had it of the girl who pours out their coffee, and it is not about religion, nor politics, but all about the toast of the day."

"What is the toast of the day?" I asked.

Cicely smiled, like a saucy baggage as she was, and said that no doubt Miss Kitty would soon find out. "Already," she said, "Mr. Walsingham is looking at you."

I saw an old gentleman already dressed for the morning, with lace ruffles and a handkerchief for the neck of rich crimson silk, who sat on one of the benches beneath the trees, his hands upon a stick, looking at me with a sort of earnestness.

"Hush!" cried Cicely, whispering; "he is more than eighty years of age; he goes every year to Epsom, Bath, and Tunbridge—all three—and he can tell you the name of the toast in every place for fifty years, and describe her face."

A "toast," then, was another word for a young lady.

As we passed his bench, the old gentleman rose, and bowed with great ceremony to madam.

"Your most obedient servant, madam," he said, still looking at me. "I trust that the Wells will be honoured by your ladyship with a long stay. My name is Walsingham, madam, and I am not unknown here. Permit me to offer my services to you and to your lovely daughter."

"My niece, sir," Madam returned the bow with a curtsey as deep. "My niece, Miss Kitty Pleydell. We arrived last night, and we expect to find our stay so agreeable as to prolong it."

"The Wells, madam, will be delighted." He bowed again. "I hope to be of assistance—some little assistance—in making your visit pleasant. I have known Epsom Wells, and indeed, Bath and Tunbridge as well, for fifty years. Every year has been made remarkable in one of these places, by the appearance of at least one beautiful face; sometimes there has been even three or four, so that gentlemen have been divided in opinion. In 1731, for instance, a duel was fought at Tunbridge Wells, between my Lord Tanqueray and Sir Humphrey Lydigate about two rival beauties. Generally, however, the Wells acknowledge but one Queen. Yesterday I was publicly lamenting that we had as yet no one at Epsom whom we could hope to call Queen of the Wells. Miss Kitty Pleydell" —again he bowed low—"I can make that complaint no longer. I salute your Majesty."

"Oh, sir," I said, abashed and confused, "you are jesting with me!"

He replied gravely, that he never jested on so serious a subject as the beauty of a woman. Then he hoped to see us again upon the Terrace or on the Downs in the course of the day, and left us with a low bow.

"I told you, miss," said Cicely, "that it would not be long before you found out what is meant by a toast."

She next took us to a bookshop, where we learned that for a crown we could carry home any book we pleased from the shop and read it at our ease; only that we must return it in as good condition as we took it out, which seems reasonable. The people in the shop, as are all the people at Epsom, were mighty civil; and madam, partly with a view of showing the seriousness of her reading, took down a volume of sermons, which I carried home for her.

Next day, however, she exchanged this for a volume of "Pamela," which now began to occupy our attention almost as much as "Clarissa" had done, but caused fewer tears to flow. Now is it not a convenient thing for people who cannot afford to buy all that they would read, thus to pay a subscription and to borrow books as many as they wish? I think that nothing has ever yet been invented so excellent for the spread of knowledge and the cultivation of taste. Yet it must not go too far either; for should none but the libraries buy new novels, poems, and other works of imagination, where would be the reward of the ingenious gentlemen who write them? No; let those who can afford, buy books; let those who cannot, buy all they can, and join the library for those they cannot afford to buy. What room looks more comfortably furnished than one which has its books in goodly rows upon the shelves? They are better than pictures, better than vases, better than plates, better than china monkeys; for the house that is so furnished need never feel the dulness of a rainy day.

There remained but two subscriptions to pay before our footing was fairly established.

The leader of the music presented himself, bowing, with his subscription-book in his hand. The usual amount was half a guinea. Madam paid a guinea, being half for herself and half for me, writing down our names in the book. I saw, as we came away, that a little group of gentlemen quickly gathered round the leader and almost tore the book from his hand.

"They are anxious to find out your name, miss," said Cicely. "Then they will go away and talk in the coffee-house, and wonder who you are and whence you came and what fortune you have. Yet tell us women gossips!"

Lastly, there was the clergyman's book.

"Heaven forbid," said madam, "that we pay for the music and let the prayers go starving!"

This done, we could return home, having fairly paid our way for everything, and we found at our lodgings an excellent country breakfast of cream, new-laid eggs, fresh wild strawberries from Durdans Park, delicate cakes of Mrs. Crump's own baking, and chocolate, with Cicely to wait upon us.

It was the godly custom of the place to attend public worship after breakfast, and at the ringing of the bell we put on our hats and went to the parish church, where we found most of the ladies assembled. They were escorted to the doors of the sacred house by the gentlemen, who left them there. Why men (who are certainly greater sinners, or sinners in a bolder and more desperate fashion, than women) should have less need of prayers than we, I know not; nor why a man should be ashamed of doing what a woman glories in doing. After their drinkings, their duels, their prodigalities, and wastefulness, men should methinks crowd into the doors of every church they can find, women leading them thereto. But let us not forget that men, when they live outside the fashion and are natural, are by the bent of their mind generally more religiously disposed than women; and, as they make greater sinners, so also do they make more illustrious saints.

When we came out of the church (I forgot to say that we were now dressed and ready to make a brave a show as the rest) we found outside the doors a lane of gentlemen, who, as we passed, bowed low, hat in hand. At the end stood old Mr. Walsingham.

He stood with his hat raised high in air, and a smile upon his lined and crowsfooted face.

"What did I say, Miss Kitty?" he whispered. "Hath not the Queen of the Wells arrived?"

I do not know what I might have said, but I heard a cry of "Kitty! Kitty!" and, looking round, saw—oh, the joy!—none other than my Nancy, prettier than ever, though still but a little thing, who ran up to me and threw herself in my arms.

(To be continued.)



MRS. HUNT'S earliest novel, "The Hazard of the Die," gave higher promise of excellence than her later works have maintained. "The Leaden Casket" (3 vols., Chatto and Windus), is neither a good nor a bad novel. Literary and constructive skill save it from being the latter, but a hopelessly weak and objectless plot makes much interest, and therefore much praise, impossible. There is no reason why the book should have been written; but, being written, it must be admitted that Mrs. Hunt has done all that could be done with the latest results of her invention. It is to be hoped that an authoress of real talent has not been caught by the prevalent heresy that every novelist is bound by the laws of her craft to turn out at least one new novel a year, and that perfection of work, so far of course as her capacities extend, is a matter of very little concern indeed. With double the thought, Mrs. Hunt is quite capable of producing a novel of more than double the value. The story is scarcely worth criticising; but it is nevertheless in a considerable degree worth reading for the sake of its occasional strokes of quiet comedy. Mrs. Brooke, for example, in whom Mrs. Hunt by no means unkindly introduces us to a lady novelist at home, is both pleasant and amusing. Even under other than recent circumstances, the exceedingly well-timed account of the train caught in a snow-wreath is a striking and powerful piece of descriptive writing; and, had it not been forestalled by this winter's own pen, would have been new. But it is not secondary characters and occasional episodes that make a novel. Of course we criticise Mrs. Hunt from a much higher level than the writers of the average three-volume story. She would hardly care for the common forms of praise that distinguish one average novel from another that happens to be a shade or two worse; and if we express our disappointment rather sharply, it is in the hope that her better sort of readers will not have to be disappointed anew.

Some not unskilled observers have held that the character of an author may be certainly judged from his book, by means of the law of contraries. If that be so, Mr. Percy Greg must be the very gentlest and most peaceable of mankind; for "Errant" (3 vols., Sampson Low and Co.), is as blood-thirsty a novel as we remember to have seen. An extreme believer in chivalry as the monopoly of people with polysyllabic names and an unlimited number of grandfathers, he finds its most glorious results in the incapacity of saying "No" to a woman even for her own good, in that morbid sort of pride which implies contempt for others, in a readiness to resent what truer, if less blue-blooded, gentlemen than his hero would not even condescend to notice, and in a savage ferocity proper only to a

man in whom the homicidal and the suicidal manias are combined. Such qualities are united in Lionel d'Arcy, Marquis d'Ultramar, an officer of English lancers, and representative of a family dating from before the days of Charlemagne. Accepting Mr. Greg's estimate of him, his career is fertile in the interest which comes from varied and romantic incidents, introduced in the following order. He shoots a man-eating tiger, saves two children from a burning bungalow, stands a siege during the Mutiny, and so wins the Victoria Cross; holds a high position on the staff of a London daily newspaper; kills a man in duel with sabres, and has to fly the country; buys an estate in Louisiana, where he fights two more duels; commands a regiment of Confederate cavalry during the war of Secession; and finally gets himself killed in a desperate skirmish for no reason that soldier or civilian can discover. His love affairs are so complex as to compel him to sacrifice no fewer than three equal heroines to one another. Some of his adventures touch the skirts of burlesque—there is a passage more than suggestive of Thackeray's "Coddingsby," when, "after the coroner's inquest, Mendoza gave ten thousand pounds to each of the bargeman's ten children." But, with all its many absurdities, "Errant" is a really interesting and sometimes even exciting story; it is exceptionally well written by an unusually well-read novelist, and contains some incidental poetry which, in point of both form and spirit, is excellent in its way. The tinsel of the novel is by no means without many grains of true gold.

In writing an autobiographical novel, a little care should be taken to make the story one which the supposed narrator would like the world to read without feeling ashamed. This has hardly been thought of by Mary C. Rowsell in her novel of "Jeannette" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). A heroine who can make sentimental copy out of how she and her sister tossed an unfortunate young Baronet backwards and forwards between them like a shuttlecock, all to the glorification of their own transcendent spirit of self-sacrifice, strikes even the common-place reader as rather thick-skinned. The *dénouement*, where she makes a scene in church by publicly refusing at the altar the same unhappy Baronet so that he might marry her sister, when a quiet word in private would have made everything right without a scandalous scene, makes thickness of skin rather a mild term to apply to Jeannette, who tells the story. Altogether the novel, while of strictly average merit and interest, can hardly be recommended to any readers but those who rejoice in those nonsensical chains of misunderstandings which, were they possible in real life, would speedily reduce this planet to the condition of a satellite of Bedlam. Mary C. Rowsell must surely have noticed that it is not usual, even among very foolish people, to believe every least word spoken by those whom they know to be their bitter enemies against their nearest and dearest friends.

"The C Minor" and "The Vicar of Ristock," by E. D. N. (1 vol.: Newman and Co.), are two very simple and sentimental stories rather prettily told. The first tells how a girl fell in love with a German violinist who died; the second, how a very weak-minded but well-meaning clergyman was induced to surrender a living by a combination of conscientious scruples and of love for a dissenting parishioner who was certainly worth twenty of him. The solemnity with which "E. D. N." heads her exceedingly simple chapters with weighty quotations from Browning is sometimes a little comical; but the stories themselves are quite good enough from a humble point of view.



CUI BONO? one asks of Dr. Lodge's translation in two handsome volumes of "Winckelmann's History of Ancient Art" (S. Low and Co.). Winckelmann as an Art critic is out of date. His merit was that he put to flight the feeble-kneed Italians and *dilettanti* English with their conventional rules, and taught that the first essential of criticism is a thorough study of the thing to be criticised. He made many blunders; mistook Bernini's statues for real antiques, and his friends' shamms for true classical paintings; and wrote of Mengs as "rising phoenix-like out of the ashes of the first Raphael to teach the world what beauty is contained in Art, and to reach the highest point of excellence in it to which the genius of man has ever risen." The Argonauts were for him as historical as the buccaneers; he even thought he could trace resemblances between the Egyptians and Chinese, though he exposes the trick played off on Needham by the Chinaman employed in the Vatican Library. Of such a writer a complete translation was surely not called for even in America. But, having determined to make it, Dr. Lodge might have spared us such solecisms as "almost every evening he met with a circle," "her sisters could not but see the deposit" (what a plague those German auxiliaries are), &c. Dr. Lodge gives us an interesting life of this shoemaker's son, who, after being schoolmaster and librarian, was converted by the Dresden Jesuits and appointed Curator of Antiquities at Rome, and was murdered at Trieste for the sake of half-a-dozen coins and medals. But he leaves us to find out from its ponderously sentimental style that the life is not written by himself. He does not even say whose edition he has translated. In fact, his book is a bare translation, and nothing more; and, to be enjoyed, Winckelmann should be read in the original.

At a cheery little Siberian town (and Siberia, we are told, is a pleasant country, with an excellent climate) Fedor Dostoyevsky met a Russian nobleman sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for murdering his wife; among whose papers (for he soon died) was found the history which Marie von Thile has translated. "Buried Alive" (Longmans) is therefore a Russian novel, for the author's device is quite transparent; and those who care to compare the inside of a Siberian prison with what we have been told of our own convict-life will find vivid pictures of how Russian convicts keep Christmas, how they get up theatricals, how they are cheated by their fellows who have risen to the position of tapster, how they are flogged mercifully or the reverse according to whether or not they can bribe the "executioner," and how they are treated in hospital. Some of the scenes are revolting, some few really comic, none rise to that tragic dignity which we connect with exile in Siberia. The drunken Major who, of course, takes toll out of the prisoners' diet, and the Lieutenant who has a passion for flogging, and looks on punishing as an art to be cultivated for its own sake, are cynically truthful; but the effect is unpleasing and inartistic. We do not care for mere prison-photographs.

Captain A. H. Markham, we all remember, came well to the front in the Polar Expedition of 1875-6. During one of his sledge-journeys he planted the Union Jack on the most northern point ever reached by man. Then, after writing "The Great Frozen Sea" and "Northward Ho!" he went in 1879 with Sir Henry Gore Booth in the little cutter *Ashjörn* to the North of Novaya Zemlya, a land which our charts do not even pretend to map out correctly. "A Polar Reconnaissance" (Kegan Paul) gives the narrative of this interesting voyage, in which Sir Henry's aim was sport, his companion's science. It also contains a good summary of English, Dutch, and Russian discoveries in the North-East. Captain Markham writes well. His account of the discovery by the ice-bound crew of the *Zeteghoff* of what they named Franz-Josef Land (lat. 82°) is tersely graphic. So is his description of the "locomeries" in Nameless Bay; "so thick with birds as to resemble the swarming of hundreds of hives." So, too, is his story of a butterfly-hunt in

what seems the least likely hunting-ground in the world for such small deer. Franz-Josef's Land Captain Markham believes is the road to further discovery: "Where there is land we can make way." His whole book is delightfully written, and is sure to kindle in many minds an enthusiasm like his own.

Mr. W. G. Marshall's "Through America" (S. Low and Co.) is specially devoted to the Yosemite Valley and to the Mormons. Mormonism is not dying out; and if Utah is admitted into the Union, there will soon be half-a-dozen Mormon States, including Wyoming and Idaho. The marvel is that the Mormon women seem fonder of polygamy than the men. At a great meeting one woman said: "Polygamy is as essential to a woman's happiness as her salvation." On his second visit to Salt Lake City Mr. Marshall was astonished to find that his published account of his first visit had so incensed the Mormons that he thought it prudent to change his name and carry a six-shooter. After his report of Cumming's sermon, in which Joe Smith is identified with the angel whom St. John saw in Patmos, and his samples of Mormonite hymns (including *Deo ab*, and the characteristic "Come up and pay your tithing"), we would advise him altogether to keep clear of Utah. Though Rockwell is dead, there are Danites enough to punish the man who dares to repeat such esoteric truths as "Jesus was a polygamist," and "God is the most egotistical of all existing beings." We know no book on America fuller of interest than Mr. Marshall's. The illustrations are of a high order of merit.

When a man explains "Before Abraham was I am" as applicable to all of us, "because the real essence of every human being goes further back than all history," he cannot be astonished if plain Christians, still more Church dignitaries, consider him unorthodox. In 1842 Dr. Rupp, then Chaplain to the Königsberg garrison, not only used such startling paradoxes as that just quoted, but also attacked the Athanasian Creed. The Royal Consistory admonished him; the Government refused to confirm his election as Head Master of the Gymnasium; and in 1846 he and his followers formed a free religious community, the first of its kind in Protestant Germany. In the notice prefixed to "Reason and Religion" (Tinsley) Mrs. Rasche describes how the movement went on in spite of the troubles of '48 and the persecution which for a while broke up the Free Church on the plea that it was a political body. To those who are fond of mystical theology, Dr. Rupp's sermons will be deeply interesting. He is a mixture of Tauler and F. D. Maurice, resembling both of them in his deep spirituality. Religion is so dead in Protestant Germany that no wonder earnest men welcome such a teacher as Dr. Rupp. Many in England will be glad to learn something about his teaching.

That "Forty Coming Wonders" (*Christian Herald Office*) should have reached a fourth edition is to us the greatest wonder of all. It only shows how truly Mr. Carlyle characterised our millions as "mostly fools." As for the illustrations, we cannot conceive how any of them can possibly edify. Some are as prosaic, not to say blasphemous, as a page out of the Book of Mormon; others surpass grotesque hideousness the wildest dreams of mediæval demonologists. Neither in engravings nor letterpress is there one redeeming point. On such a subject we do not care to jest, though the temptation is strong with an author who identifies Napoleon and Apollyon, the N being an abbreviation of *Nai*, the affirmative, and gets the fatal 666, by writing P. Jerome in Greek letters. Plon-plon, in fact, is Anti-christ; and Britain (but not Ireland) will be included in the Papal-Mahomedan-Napoleonic confederacy. We are ashamed that it can "pay" to print such a farrago of mischievous rubbish. In the struggle with rationalism such absurdities are a serious drawback to Christianity.

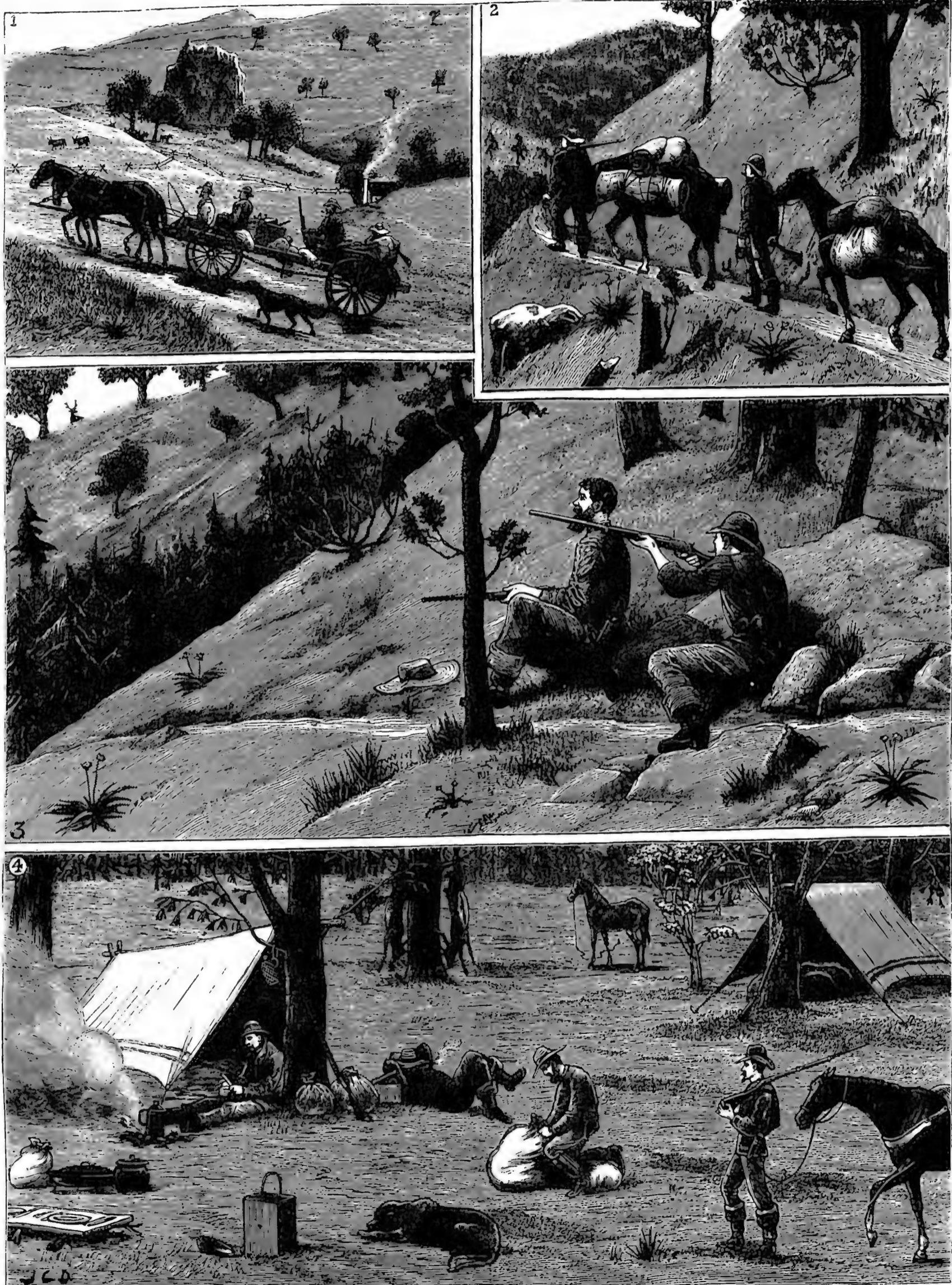
We are much pleased with the honesty and practical good sense of Mr. J. Montagu Samuel's "Jewish Life in the East" (Kegan Paul). He boldly repudiates where reproof is called for, rightly judging that "it is better for Jews to expose their plague spots, than for it to be done by prejudiced and superficial observers," nor is he afraid to point out how several Jewish institutions, some of Sir M. Montefiore's, for instance, do little or no good, and how the Jew doctor of the Rothschild hospital at Jerusalem contrasts far from favourably with Dr. Chaplin. We may think him over credulous as to the authenticity of Rachel's tomb or Solomon's aqueduct; but we must admire the candour which admits that "the interior of Jerusalem is squalid, ugly, and more offensive to sight and smell than any other city I have ever visited." Unlike the *Saturday Reviewer*, Mr. Samuel thinks the London Society for Converting the Jews most dangerous as well as Machiavellian in its tactics—"in Jerusalem 132 Jewish souls are in the clutches of the Conversionists." Education he believes to be the rampart against proselytism; and this, as well as agricultural colonies, he would largely subsidise. He reprints in the appendix Mr. L. Oliphant's plan for the colonisation of Palestine by the Jews. Unfortunately the chosen people are "infected with that dislike for manual labour which forms at once the strength of our upper and the destruction of our lower classes."

Traces of Christmas yet linger in the book world. Thus "Jacob's Ladder," by Barbara Wordsworth (Wyman) is just such a collection of love stories as befits a Christmas annual, being highly romantic, and rendered somewhat ghostly through dealing with the fulfilment of dream warnings, sympathy with departed spirits, and similar mysterious subjects.—A trio of child's books conveys salutary lessons. Miss Florence Montgomery teaches humility, unselfishness, and obedience in "Herbert Manners," now added to Messrs. Bentley's Empire Library. Slight in construction, the tales show that intimate acquaintance with childish minds characteristic of the authoress.—A stock of necessary knowledge about our own land may be laid in from "Great Britain for Little Britons" (Wells Gardner), by Eleanor Bulley—an agreeable sort of geography under false pretences, the dry facts being ingeniously hidden under chatty anecdotes. This would be a capital schoolbook for lazy pupils.—And there is plenty to learn about Eastern climes from Mrs. Holman Hunt's charming "Children at Jerusalem" (Ward, Lock). Little Londoners may envy the British family who made delightful acquaintance with the everyday life and curious features of the Holy City, who had a glimpse of tent life and took trips to the Dead Sea and the Jordan; but they will certainly enjoy Mrs. Hunt's fresh natural narrative, and her drawing of an artistic home in Syria.

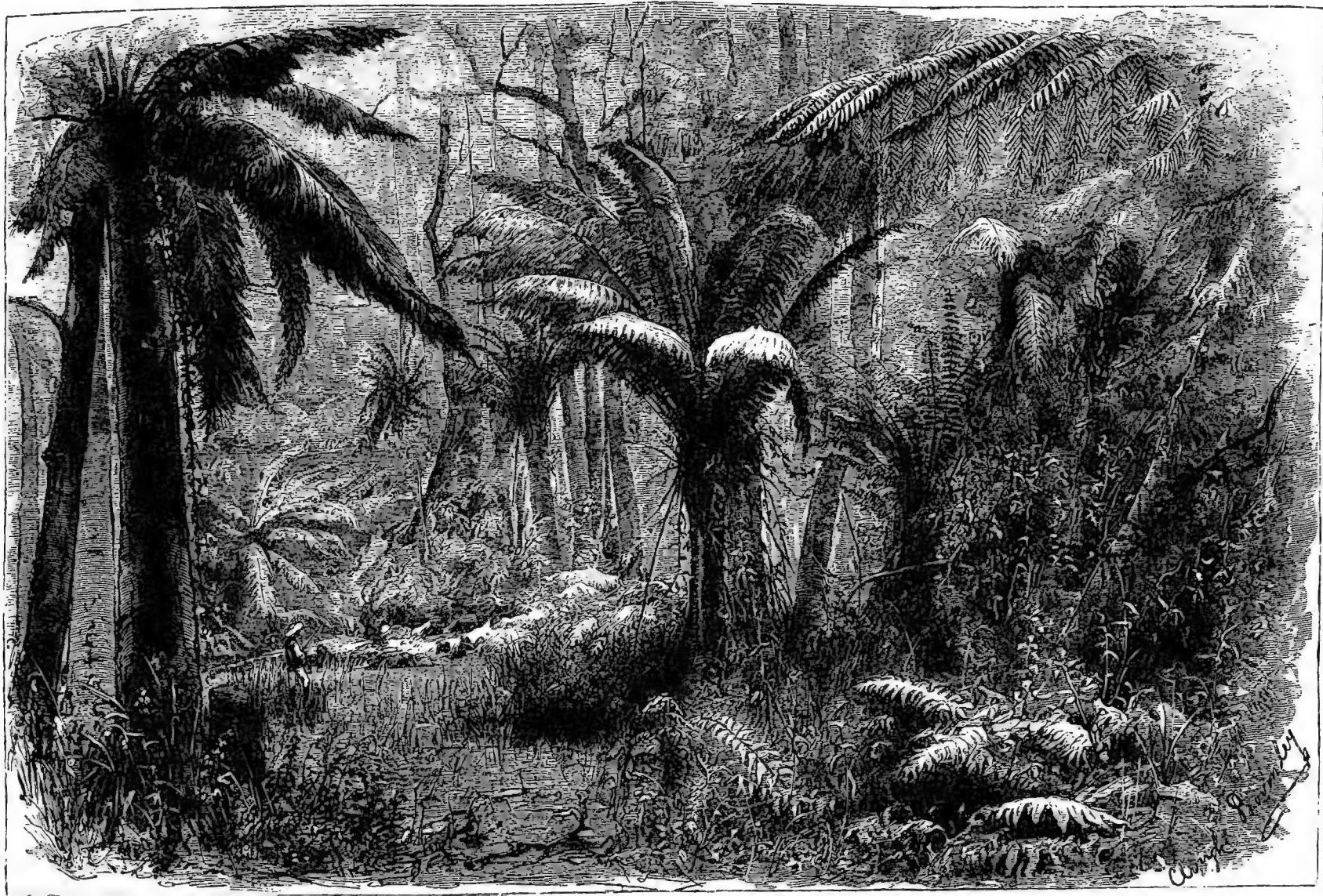
The same publishers send their annual "Yearbook of Facts in Science and Art," edited by Mr. J. Mason, which supplies innumerable interesting and instructive items, although the volume is by no means exhaustive, and the classification might be improved.—Another annual, Dr. Hogg's "Gardener's Year Book" (*Journal of Horticulture* Office) furnishes useful floral information.—Two practical small handbooks for domestic use are Dr. Weatherley's "Lectures on Domestic Hygiene and Home Nursing" (Griffith and Farran), and Dr. Farrar's "The Bath and Bathing" (Marshall Japp). Admonitions respecting seaside and indoor baths fill the latter treatise, while the former is admirably brief and succinct, giving simple rules which must remain in the worst memory.

A brace of political pamphlets comes from Messrs. Blackwood. There is the serious side of the question in "Irish Land as Viewed from British Shores," a short catechism concerning land legislation, with a strong anti-Hibernian bias; while the comic view is supplied by "More Gleanings from Gladstone," wherein the Premier's recent doings are roundly caricatured, and fitted with apt quotations.

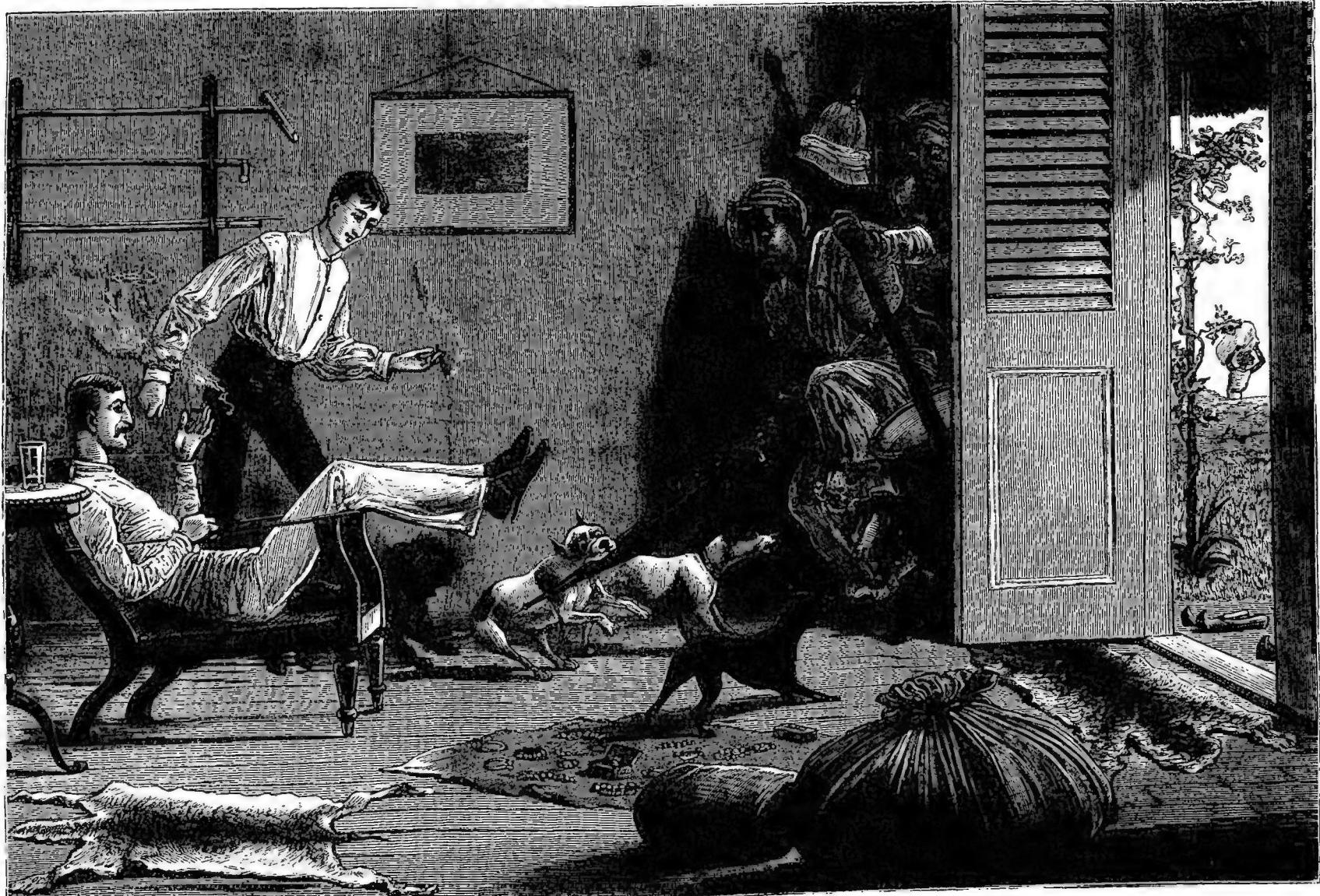
"The Star of the Fairies" (S. Low and Co.), is a daintily bound and brightly written fairy-tale which our little folks will be glad to see. It is written by Mrs. C. W. Elphinstone Hope, and displays a graceful fancy, combined with a good appreciation of child-nature. The work, which we understand is published simultaneously in Paris, is profusely illustrated with original pictures by M. Laurent.



1. On the Way.—2. Moving Camp.—3. A Long Shot.—4. The Camp.  
DEER HUNTING IN THE "COAST RANGE" MOUNTAINS, CALIFORNIA



IN THE STATE FOREST AT DANDENONG, VICTORIA  
SASSAFRAS CREEK, AT THE CROSSING



INDIAN SKETCHES—"A WARM CORNER"



**CORN RETURNS.**—The Essex Chamber of Agriculture have resolved that Colonel Barne's Bill on this subject is preferable to that brought forward by Mr. Chamberlain on behalf of the Government. Colonel Barne's Bill makes provision for obtaining corn returns both from growers and buyers of corn.

**AFTER THE FROST.**—A correspondent records that just two days after the great frost left us the winter aconite opened. As there was nothing visible before the frost besides a slight upheaval of the ground, such progress may really be regarded as remarkable. Three days after the departure of the frost the snowdrops began to appear, while crocuses, daffodils, and open-air hyacinths are in full healthy movement. The frost has retarded growth everywhere, and in many places wrought injury, but the fatal effects of last winter have not been repeated, neither can the present outlook be regarded as at all unsatisfactory. The gale of the 19th January, however, did immense damage by tearing small trees up and breaking large branches off the forest timber in all parts of England. In parts of Ireland there were thirty-six degrees of frost, a severity which seldom is recorded even in East Anglia. But even in Ireland vegetation is not greatly injured, nor are prospects unfavourable.

**DRAINAGE AND FLOODS.**—The high authority of Mr. Bailey Denton has been added to the ranks of those who have meted out sharp criticism to the Government proposals on this subject. Mr. Bailey Denton is of opinion that no Bill can be satisfactory which does not place the control of rivers from source to estuary in the hands of the Conservancy Boards. He also thinks that if millers were rated in proportion to the advantage they obtain for themselves and the damage they inflict on others, the fund would be much larger than it is at present. Owners of uplands are prepared to make a strong effort before the present Bill is allowed to become law.

**LAND AND CONSOLS.**—The success of Mr. Fawcett's small investment schemes may be regarded as in some degree paving the way for that large financial operation with which rumour credits Mr. Gladstone as desiring to crown his tenancy of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Whatever truth or probability there may be in the idea of changing the rate of Government interest to 2½ per cent., there cannot be much doubt that such a conversion would have a great and favourable influence on the demand for land.

**ENGLISH AND IRISH ACRES.**—It is worth remembering that in Ireland, although properties are sold by law, and also by private contract, according to the English, or statute acre, lands are generally let, and rents quoted, by the Irish acre. As five Irish acres equal eight English acres, it follows that when an Irish farmer says he pays 1*l.* an acre, he means that he really pays 12*s.* 6*d.* per English acre. In the midland counties of Ireland a very common rent for fair average arable land is 32*s.* 6*d.* per Irish acre—equal to 1*l.* per English acre. This should be considered, when the "high" prices paid by the Irish farmers are under discussion.

**HEAVY LAND.**—At a recent discussion Mr. Savill maintained that agriculture was in a most unfortunate position. As regards heavy land it was actually becoming a question with landlords whether some of the heavy clay soils were worth keeping in cultivation when a tenant quitted. To farm such land was very difficult, and nowadays positively unprofitable. Mr. Savill thought that a large extent of English land could not be profitably cultivated, even at a merely nominal rent.

**COLD!**—A correspondent at Kilkenny assures us that in January 37° degrees of frost were registered by him. This sounds "tall," enough for a country still further west, and yet it is strictly true. It is the month's aggregate figure. Most occurred on twenty-five days out of the thirty-one, and there were over ten degrees each night from the 11th to the 17th, and again from the 19th to the 26th. In January, 1880, 157 degrees were registered.

**CATTLE DISEASE.**—Middlesex, Berkshire, Lancashire, Shropshire, and Worcester are now added to the list of infected counties. In the East of England the malady is slightly abating.

**HIGHWAY ACTS.**—At a meeting held the other day at Warminster, the Marquis of Bath said that under the new statute the rating had considerably increased, and that he did not consider that in other ways the statute had acted satisfactorily. Similar remarks were made by Lord Henry Thynne and Viscount Folkestone.

**PLANTS AND INSECTS.**—To Dr. Müller is due the credit of having shown that in many plants two forms of flowers exist, one adapted for fertilisation through insects, the other for self-fertilisation. Thus, *Lysimachia vulgaris*, when growing in sunny places where it is freely visited by insects, has yellow petals deepening to red at the base, conspicuously coloured filaments, and sexual organs so arranged that self-fertilisation can hardly occur. The same plant, when growing in shady ditches, has a pale yellow corolla, and inconspicuous filaments, and the style is so short that self-fertilisation will be sure to take place even if no insects should visit the flower. This is a plant-difference on sufficiently broad lines. Strange enough, the very shape and colour of flowers vary with classes of insects. Thus the flowers that are chiefly bee-haunted are very varied in colour, while those that have short-trunked insects for their visitors are generally of a single colour, and that either yellow or white. Dr. Darwin thinks that red flowers are the favourites with butterflies and moths; after red, blue. There also has to be noticed a peculiar sympathy between butterflies and flowers of their own colour, a liking which may have something to do with sexual reminiscences, or with instincts of protection. A butterfly which has underwing markings resembling dried leaves certainly has a great penchant for settling to rest on such leaves.

**NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.**—A squirrel was recently observed swimming in Loch Voil. The squirrel has not usually been supposed to be an animal that would swim.—Wild swans have appeared in some numbers on the Mersey and also in the South of Ireland.—A curious case of sympathy is recorded by the Rev. F. O. Morris. During the recent severe weather a rook was observed carrying provisions to another rook, the weak state of which prevented it from flying.—The other day a Seghmalin's owl was shot near Whitby in Yorkshire.—A gold-eyed duck has been taken at Exeter, and immense numbers of dead birds have been picked up on Dartmoor.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Among ornithologists the death of Mr. John Gould, F.R.S., will be widely and generally deplored.—Colorado beetles must not be kept or exhibited. So a farmer of Yealmpton, in Devonshire, has found. He was made acquainted with the Duke of Richmond's Act at a cost of 5*l.*—A fatal landslip at Bacup has resulted in three persons being killed and two others very seriously injured.—Mr. Macadam has recently been exposing some cases where tins of manure, sold to farmers, have been bought at a rate of 120*s.* and even 275*s.* per ton. The commonest chemical substances are frequently made up into attractive packets, and sold at 300 to 500 per cent. above their true value.—The *Economist*, while deplored the unsatisfactory position of English agriculture, hardly does well to scorn the distressed farmers as "a discontented

class, struggling to obtain a poor living, and dimly aware that the tenure of land in England, though in itself neither unjust nor foolish, is less favourable to the producer of grain and cattle than the tenure in many other competing countries."

#### A SMALL IMPOSTOR

JUST try and imagine a stout, well-built man, six feet high, a fine, handsome, brawny savage, seizing a boa constrictor in his teeth, shaking the, say, eighteen feet of writhing bone and muscle till it had grown weak and limp, and, by a complete reverse of all rule, swallowing the lengthy monster without an effort. The idea partakes of the nature of the serpent, and is monstrous; but all the same, that little petted and be-praised impostor, the robin, will hop up to a great earthworm three times his length, give it a few digs with his sharp beak, and then—as the Americans would say—get outside it apparently without effort or ruffling a feather, after which he will hop away, fly to a twig, and indulge in a short, sharp song of triumph over his deed. It is his nature to, no doubt, and so are a good many more of his acts; but in these days, when it has grown to be the custom to run tilt at no end of our cherished notions; when we are taught that Alfred did not burn the cakes; that Caractacus never made that pathetic speech about the wealth of Rome: it is only fair to strip the hypocritical feather cloak of hypocrisy off that flagrant little impostor, the Robin.

"The Robin and the Wren are God's cock and hen" runs the old country saying; and terrible are the penalties supposed to attach to the man or boy who takes the nest, steals the egg, or destroys old or young of their sacred progeny. As a matter of course, no one ever did take egg, nest, or destroy the young of this couple, inasmuch as they are two distinct birds; but to this day there are rustics who believe in the regular marriage of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, in full accordance with the nursery rhyme. We will let the tiny, hiding, speckled wren rest, however, for it is with the robin that we have here to deal—the bird who has been so praised and idolised for virtues he does not possess; and, at the risk of being termed sacrilegious, let us see how much of this laudation is deserved.

The robin is such a friend of man, people will say. Go where you will, there is the pretty bird to be seen, with his strange scarlet breast, olive-green beak, and large bright, intelligent eyes. Winter or summer, by the homestead, at the window pane, amongst the shrubs of the garden, or in the wood, there is the robin ready to perch near you and watch your every act, while from time to time he favours you with his tuneful lay. All pure affection for man, of course—so the unobservant have it, and so poets sing; when the fact of the matter is that the familiarity of the bird comes from what Mr. Roger Riderhood termed "cheek," for, the sparrow not excepted, there is no bird in which the sense of fear seems so small; while the motive power which brings the pretty little fellow so constantly in man's society is that love which is known as cupboard. Probably the robin first learned from Adam that when man begins to garden he turns up worms; and, as these ringed creepers are this bird's daily bread, he has attached himself to man ever since, and will come and pick the worms from his very feet, whether it be in a garden or during a botanical ramble in the depths of some wood. Failing worms in the frosty times, he will accept crumbs from the windowsill, or pick pieces of meat and gristle from the bones inside the dog's kennel; while in autumn time, when the foxes grow sluggish and little spiders sat, where is there a better hunting-ground than the inside of a house where there is an open window, or, best of all, a church? What other bird, it may be asked, would take delight in making its way into a country church and flit about as the robin will? A sparrow would awaken at once to its sacrilegious behaviour, and beat the window-pane to escape: a robin never. On the contrary, he seems to take delight in making the little boys laugh, in impishly attracting the attention of people from the "secondly" and "thirdly" of the sermon. Why, but the other day, in an old church with a regular three-decker pulpit, I saw a robin perch upon the cushion just over the parson's head as he read the lessons, and mockingly begin to preach in song, indulging afterwards in a joyous fit round the church, out at the open door, and back again, to make a sharp snap with its bill at the flies. If you might say the robin bore love to man he would not play tricks in church.

As to his behaviour to his kind, it seems grievous to have to list the veil that covers so much evil; but it must be done. What do you say to your belauded robin being one of the most sanguinary little monsters under the sun? Not merely is he a murderer of his kind, but he will commit parricide, matricide, or fratricide without the smallest provocation. Put half-a-dozen robins in an aviary, and go the next morning to see the result. I don't say that, as in the case of the celebrated Kilkenny cats, there will be nothing left but one tail; but I guarantee that five of the robins will be dead, and the survivor in anything but the best of plumage, for a gamecock is not more pugnacious than our little friend. It might be thought that this fighting propensity would only exist at pairing time, and that it was a question of fighting for the smiles of some fair Robinetta; but nothing of the kind: a robin will not submit to the presence of another in or on its beat, and will slay the intruder without mercy, or be slain in the attempt. It might almost be thought that the ruddy stain upon its breast-feathers was the proof-mark of some late victory, where the feathers had been imbibed in the victim's blood; but I will not venture upon the imagery lest it should jar. It is no uncommon thing to see a couple of robins in a walk, flitting round each other with wings drooping and tails erect: they will bend and bow, and utter short, defiant notes, retreat, as if to take up more strategic positions, and, after an inordinate amount of fencing, dash in and fight till there seems to be a sort of feathery firework going off amongst the bushes; and so intent are they on their battle, so careless of man's approach, that they may at times be picked up panting, exhausted, bleeding, and dying, holding tightly on to one another by their slender bills. *Pace* good Doctor Watts, birds do not in their little nests agree, nor yet out of them. The old country idea is that in the autumn the young robins kill off the old: undoubtedly the strong do slay the weak. It can be often seen, and, were it not so, we should have robins in plenty, instead of coming upon the solitary little fellows here and there, popping out silently like a spy upon our every act. Come late autumn and wintry weather, the small birds can be seen in companies, sparrows and finches mixing up in friendly concourse; but the robin never seems to flock, but always to be comparatively scarce. He never joins their companies, though he comes in their midst to the window for wintry alms of crumbs, but when he does, as Artemus Ward would say, there is "a fit." He attacks the stranger birds all round, and audaciously takes the best pieces for himself. Robins do not remain scarce from not being prolific, for you may find the nest a couple have built in an ivy tod, an old watering-pot, or in a corner of the tool-shed, with five or six reddish blotchy eggs in it. They have two or three broods every season, while their brown speckled young ones, wanting in the olive and red of their elders, are very familiar objects, hopping sedately about in the sunny summer-time.

I have shown what a murderer our small impostor is, and how, under his pleasant outward appearance, he has a nature that will stick at nothing for the gratification of self; even, as I must now show, at such a despicable act as theft. There are those who maintain that the robin's mission is all for good, and that he is merely a destroyer of noxious insects, grubs, and worms; that he relieves the garden of myriads of blights, and eating, boring, and canker-producing pests. Granted: so he does, though it is very unpleasant for the unfortunate little insect that happens to be dubbed

a pest to find itself within reach of that vicious bill and cavernous throat. But why cannot our young friend—for, in spite of his wickedness, we shall always call him friend for the pleasure he affords our eyes and ears, just as we wink at the private life of a great artist who gratifies the senses in his turn—but I repeat why cannot our young friend be content to "cry havoc" amongst the insect pests, and to peck from the dog's basin, the pig's trough, and the chickens' food, and not sit on some bare spray, or under the shadows of a thorny bush, and watch with those great earnest eyes of his till the ventilators of the glass-houses are open, and then flit—flitter—dash headlong in for a feast of grapes?

"Robins never touch fruit!" says some one. I join issue: they do, and most unmercifully. They pick out, as if by instinct, the ripest and best bunches of the great black Hambro's, hang on to the stalks, and wherever these rich pearly black grapes have been well thinned and petted that they may grow to an abnormal size, dig, dig, go the wicked little beaks. If they would be content with a grape or two, and begin and finish them, or even four or five or six, it would not matter; but your robin is a sybarite in his way: he treats a grape-house like visitors with tasting orders used to treat the cellars of the Docks. They did not want the wine, but they would see the cooper, who would broach a cask here and another cask there, and all of the best, till the vinous sawdust was soaked with the waste, and the fumes produced a strange intoxicating effect. Very strange that, how intoxicating those fumes would be. Unfortunately, this juice of the grape is not fermented, and the robin goes on upon his destructive quest. Still there is one redeeming feature: he will brook no companion. One visitor at a time: two means battle royal, and flying feathers.

To sum up, then, the robin is a compound of all that is audacious, glutinous, vicious, cruel, and despicable; but he can sing, and his pleasant little note, mournful though it be, as it acts as harbinger of falling leaves, is as much associated with home and our native land as the bonny English rose, and that resource from chills and fogs, our own fireside. Never mind the superstitious penalties! Who is there among us who would kill a robin, or would take its nest? From earliest childhood till the days when Time's hoar frost appears upon the hair, one greets the ruddy-breasted little rascal with a smile, and feeds him when his feathered friends and foes fall fast before the winter's scythe. So loved is he, that in far-off foreign lands the nearest likeness to him is called a robin still. We can forgive him, and wink at all his sins, as befits attendance where'er we go in country lane, and gladly greet him even in some suburban square; and even as I write, I am fain to say—as his pretty little figure fills my eye—what a nuisance it is to have to speak the truth:

G. MANVILLE FENN

#### THE HANOVER GALLERY

THERE have been so many exhibitions of water-colour pictures of late, that it is scarcely surprising to find that the Collection opened to public view on Monday last at the Hanover Gallery contains a considerable number of works that have been exhibited before. These, however, are not of very recent date, and many of them have sufficient merit to justify their reappearance.

Sir John Gilbert's large "Battle of Marston Moor," for instance, is one of his best works, admirable in colour, and displaying a power of representing the human figure in vigorous action that few living artists possess. Mr. A. C. Gow's "The Siege Explained," too, though without the firmness and facility of execution that he has now acquired, is full of character, and is finished throughout with extraordinary care and completeness. Mr. Alma Tadema's exquisitely painted little scene in a Roman bath, "Sponges and Strigils," is also here; and among other familiar works that add to the value of the collection are Mr. J. D. Linton's single figure "Embroiling," Mr. J. W. North's group of "Kabyle Women on Household at Blidah," Mr. Walter Duncan's "Legend of the Mountain," and Mr. E. Bale's "A Cold Day."

Among the novel features of the Exhibition, the most striking is a series of three drawings, by Mr. Alma Tadema, illustrating incidents in the obscure history of the Merovingian Kings, and collectively entitled "Tragedy of an Honest Wife." The first in order, which in its main features is identical with the artist's "Fredegonda," exhibited at the Academy last year, is admirable alike in colour and design, and the third, representing a monk kneeling beside a tomb, is painted in all its details with unsurpassable imitative skill. The second drawing simply forms a border to the legend which is inscribed on a gold plate. These drawings, enclosed in the same frame and differing from each other in shape and size, present a somewhat *bizarre* appearance, but in many parts they display the best qualities of the painter's art. "A Suburban Road, January, 1881," is the title of an excellent little picture by Mr. G. Clausen, representing a young lady enveloped in furs, trudging through the snow. All the characteristic features of the scene as well as the figure are painted with remarkable force, and the whole has a striking appearance of reality. By the same artist, there is a vigorous and truthful sketch of "The Custom House, King's Lynn." Other studies that bear evidence of having been painted directly from nature are to be seen in Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "New Brighton, on the Mersey," Mr. E. J. Gregory's "Queenborough Pier," and Mr. J. W. B. Knight's "Low Tide at Bosham." Mr. G. H. Boughton sends a capital study of two aged peasants, "A Gossip," and Mr. R. Caldecott a drawing for one of the series known as "The Three Jovial Huntsmen," rather thin in colour but full of humorous expression. Mr. J. Fulleylove's "Sienna Cathedral," Mr. Joseph Knight's "Sandhills, near Barnmouth," Mr. Mark Fisher's "Pasturage," and Mr. J. W. North's "Cottage of the Clerk" are among the best of many meritorious landscapes to be found on the walls.

**THE CARLYLE CLUB.**—It is commonly said that Mr. Carlyle had outlived the political enthusiasm aroused by the publication of his earlier works, and this is partially true. The destructive passages in "Sartor Resartus" greatly delighted the Radicals of 1834, and for a time there was a party quite willing to take its political inspiration from Carlyle. But this enthusiasm turned first into wonder on the appearance of "Chartism," and then into disgust at the "Latter Day Pamphlets." Carlyle, it was seen but too clearly, was not a safe ally; like the elephants employed in war by the Indians he was apt to turn and trample down those attempting to make use of him. Since 1850, therefore, he had been abandoned by both political parties, and though every one called him the "Sage of Chelsea" it was pretty generally admitted that in the domain of politics he was little better than a visionary, if not something worse. Under these circumstances it is interesting to note the establishment of the Carlyle Club. This organisation owes its existence to the appearance, some considerable time since, of an advertisement in the *Athenaeum*, calling on all interested in the practical teaching of Thomas Carlyle to communicate with the advertiser. Replies were numerous, but most of the original correspondents proved half-hearted. Now, however, the club has actually been floated, and though at present it takes very much the form of the "Tobacco Parliament" in "Frederick the Great," it is the desire of the members ultimately to give "practical effect to at least some of the many reforms advocated by Carlyle." The Club has never sought publicity, and it desires to grow and strengthen gradually if there be health in it. Of the members some are known in the religious and literary worlds; others are barristers, doctors, architects, and men of business.

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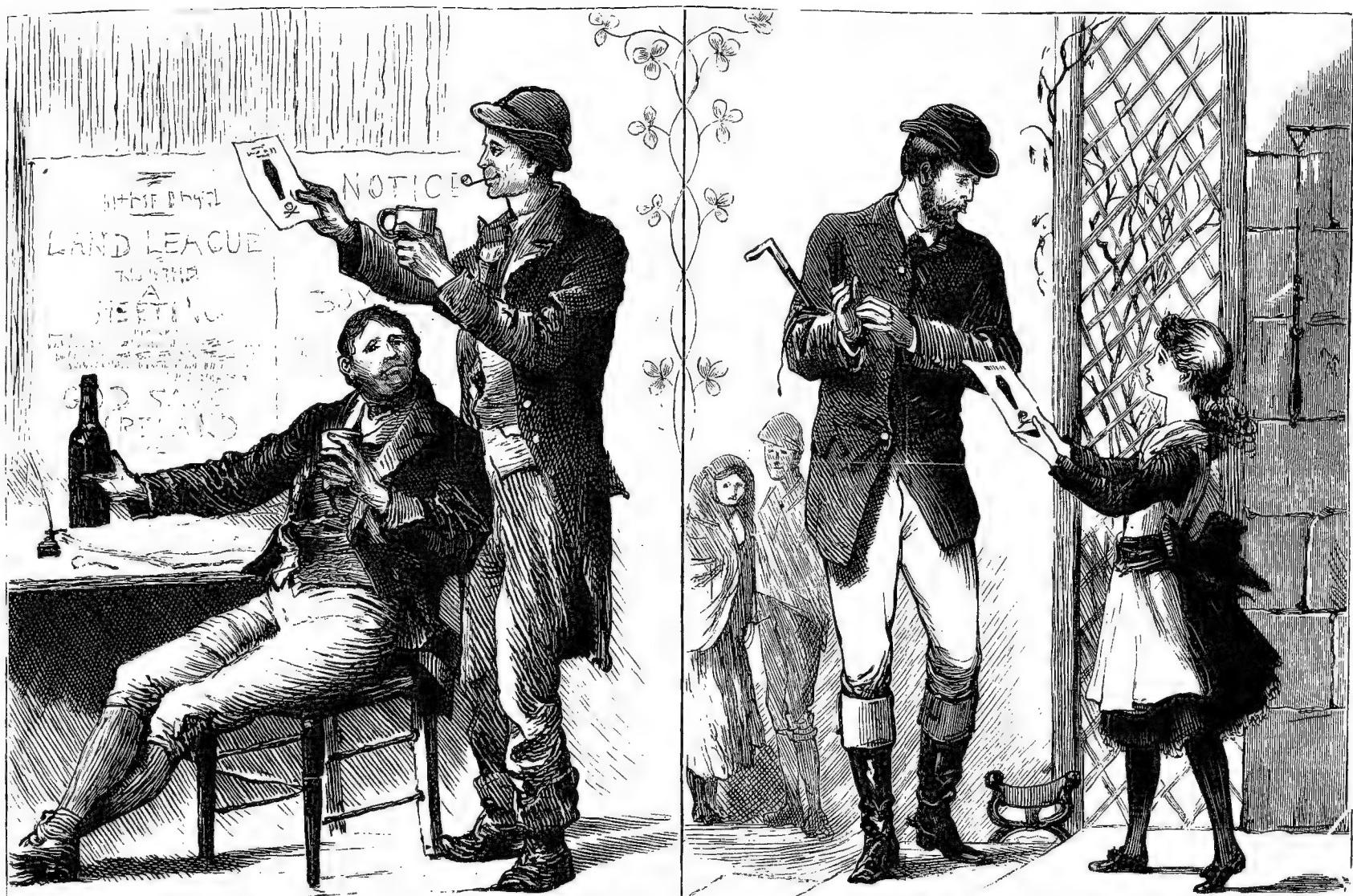


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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY IN IRELAND



THE LATE FROST—"COASTING" ON A "BOB" SLEIGH AT HARROW



**THE CRISIS IN THE EAST.**—Mr. Goschen has duly arrived in Constantinople, and has had several interviews with the Ministers of the Porte, but no definitive step will be taken respecting the proposed negotiations until after the arrival of Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador, who has followed in Mr. Goschen's footsteps and has called at Vienna on his road from Berlin to Constantinople, Count Hatzfeldt, both as *doyen* of the Diplomatic Corps, and as the representative of the Power least interested in the result, will take the lead in the negotiations. As soon, therefore, as Count Hatzfeld arrives the Ambassadors will present an identical reply to the Porte's note, plainly asking what concessions the Sultan is prepared to make, and intimating that they must be increased from the previous offer. The Sultan is stated to have a new proposition ready, by which he will retain Epirus almost intact, but give to Greece an increased portion of Thessaly. Indeed it is expected that the Sultan will be found far more pliant than heretofore, for there are several causes which serve to make the Porte anxious to avoid further complications. Firstly, the perplexing problem of finance, which is daily growing more and more difficult to solve; secondly, the agitation in Albania, which, despite the strongest official denials, is undoubtedly becoming extremely serious; and thirdly, the manifestations of discontent among the Sofas, or religious students, similar to those which preceded the deposition of Sultan Murad, and which Abd-ul-Hamid has tried to calm down by soft words, presents of money, and promotion of the leader—a somewhat dangerous policy to pursue. On Monday the Sultan thanked Baron Calice, the Austrian ambassador, for Austria's efforts to promote the negotiations, and declared that he would do all in his power to come to an arrangement with Greece. On Wednesday, also, he received Mr. Goschen, whose audience lasted three hours.

From GREECE there is little news. The Ministry show no signs of conciliation, and the war preparations are being continued, so that even should the Powers succeed in wresting concessions from Turkey, they will have no easy task in compelling Greece to accept less than her pound of flesh. Indeed in the present temper of the Greek people, and in the face of the large army which has been gathered together, any Cabinet which should propose the acceptance of a compromise would be virtually committing suicide.

**FRANCE.**—There has been a lull in political circles for some weeks past, but all parties have been girding up their loins for the coming battle on the proposal once more to exchange the mode of electing candidates by *scrutin d'arrondissement* for that of *scrutin de liste*. M. Gambetta has been most anxious that the coming elections should take place by means of the latter method, and has been giving a series of breakfasts to the Deputies in order to bring them over to his views. There is little doubt but that he will carry his point, though considerable apprehension exists even amongst his own followers that the *scrutin de liste* will be utilised for obtaining a virtual plebiscitum in favour of M. Gambetta, while at the same time the complete annihilation of minorities which it involves by no means recommends its adoption to the more moderate minds. The debate was expected to begin on Thursday, and meanwhile the Senate and Chamber have been discussing financial and Press matters.

M. Parnell has been the hero of the day in Paris, and M. Rochefort, having interviewed him, has recorded his meeting with the "great Irish patriot,"—"the idol of the Irish people." The ex-editor of the *Lanterne* was as "deeply moved" on shaking hands with Mr. Parnell as he was when he embraced Garibaldi, and he states that one of the chief objects of Mr. Parnell's visit is to contradict in the French Press "all the calumnies lavished by the English Press on his friends, his cause, and himself." M. Rochefort consoled his friend for the strictures of the *République Française* by remarking that it was a paper very little read, and which solely reflected the ideas of M. Gambetta, its editor. To this Mr. Parnell replied with a smile, "I know whence arises the hostility of M. Gambetta. He is anxious to please the Prince of Wales. He has sat at the Prince's table, and pays him for his dinner at our expense." "Just so," echoes M. Rochefort, "grand ideas come from the heart, petty ideas from the stomach." Then he unfolds before the Irish member various papers which defend his country's cause, and in return Mr. Parnell, aided by Mr. O'Kelly, of the *New York Herald*, unfolds his plan of action, which is to utilise all constitutional and legal means to oblige England to do for Ireland what Austria has done for Hungary. It is somewhat reassuring to hear that an armed revolution, such as is dreamt of by the Fenians, is considered "almost impossible," firstly because of the Coercion Bill, and secondly because "the English, with all their ships and wealth, will not even have the trouble of slaughtering the Irish. They will starve them into capitulation." Mr. Parnell then launches into general and oft-repeated statistics, where we will not follow him. He has also been interviewed by a *Gaulois* reporter, to whom he repeated the assertion that "M. Gambetta is our enemy. He has dined with the Prince of Wales!" He declared that his object in coming to Paris was to place the money chest out of the way of the English Government, and concluded, moreover, with the alarming statement that the new Parliamentary rules would not prevent the Home Rulers from obstructing if obstruction was necessary to their cause. Mr. Parnell has been introduced to M. Victor Hugo, with whom he dined on Wednesday evening.

Paris is amusing itself with its pre-Carnival Opera balls which are well attended this season, while there have been several noteworthy novelties at the theatres. First and foremost have been M. Offenbach's *Contes d'Hoffmann*, which has been brought out at the Opéra Comique with great success, the life-long dream of the composer having thus been realised after his death. There has been another "motherly" piece by MM. Eugène Nus and Charles de Courcy at the Vaudeville, entitled *Madame de Navare*, a new drama, *Zoë Chien-Chien*, at the Nations, and a revival of the *Chevaliers du Brouillard*, the French version of *Jack Sheppard*, at the Porte St. Martin. Turning to artistic matters, the Salon Committee have decided to limit the number of works to be admitted to 2,500. Every work will have to be passed by the jury, the exemption to this ordeal, hitherto enjoyed by medallists, being abolished.

**GERMANY.**—The Imperial Speech at the opening of the German Parliament on Tuesday, which was read by Count Stolberg-Wernigerode, the Vice-Chancellor, contains very little of outside interest save the statement that "among the European Powers there is not only complete concurrence in the wish to maintain peace, but no difference of views exists in principle concerning the essential objects of the negotiations pending between them." Count Stolberg also expressed the confidence of the Emperor "that the agreement among the Powers will succeed in averting even partial disturbance of the peace of Europe, or at any rate will be able so to restrict it that it will affect neither Germany nor her neighbours." In the last event, we should like to know whom Germany considers to be her neighbour. With regard to internal matters, a Working Men's Insurance Bill, designed to counteract social democratic propaganda, a Trade Guild Bill, a Bill for Pensioning Deceased Officials' Families; and lastly, a measure which might well be introduced into England—namely, for the punishment of crimes committed by persons under the influence of drink, are amongst the chief measures announced.

The complaints of English writers of the recent expressions of hostility towards England in the German Press have lately been the subject of much comment, and the *North German Gazette* tells us that it writes for its own countrymen, and not for Englishmen; that it has no other aim than to examine, from an entirely objective and scientific point of view, the English Governmental system which is recommended in England as a model to other nations. Englishmen also are twitted with their susceptibility, as neither they nor their journals are, as a rule, sparing of hostile criticism towards other people. The *National Zeitung* is somewhat more civil, and points out that two nations can hardly possess mutual sympathy, though as far as possible that sympathy exists between England and Germany. The former is accused, however, with combating German interests, and we are told that we must expect no sympathy with our policy of "overmastering the Dutch Boers, or crushing the German settlements in East Africa." We are reproached with our constant interference with European Powers; and Mr. Gladstone is twitted with having had to modify the views which he expressed on his accession to office, and to have at last decided to reckon upon the influence which Germany possesses in European affairs. The fact is that Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet are popular neither in Germany nor Austria, and hence all these recriminations. Thus with regard to the papers found at Cabul, and recently produced before Parliament, the magnanimity of the Conservatives in holding them back, notwithstanding that they would have benefited their party, in order not to damage the freshly patched-up amity with Russia, is contrasted by the *Cologne Gazette* with the conduct of the Liberal party in laying the whole burden of war upon the ex-Premier and Lord Lytton, who thus, in self defence, were obliged to call for the papers. "The world," continues the writer, "is thus able to judge whether the chronic irritation of the English people with respect to Russia's policy in Asia be unfounded upon fact, as Gladstone and his followers averred, or be fully justified, as has long been felt in England—and elsewhere."

**RUSSIA.**—Here, also, the Cabul papers have been a fertile theme of discussion, and the *Agence Russe*, declaring that "correct" copies of the correspondence in question had been forwarded to Earl Granville, and would be published shortly, congratulates Russia upon their production, as the "English Parliament will therefore be able to see from the authentic documents that the Russian Government has been both correct and straightforward." General Kaufmann's relations with the late Ameer are declared to have been simply relations of politeness—"there was no attempt to foment hostilities against England until the moment when the hostile policy of the late British Cabinet, which threatened to lead to war, placed Russia in the position of providing for her own legitimate defence." The semi-official *Journal de St. Petersbourg* remarks that Russia has always thought that "England and herself had better work before them in Asia, as in Europe, than to do each other the greatest possible harm under the pretext of guarding against imaginary danger. Thank God, Russia now finds similar convictions prevalent in England."

General Skobelev has issued a proclamation calling upon the Tekkes to return to their homes, and he reports that they are gradually coming in and surrendering their arms. The loss of the Turcomans is stated to have been enormous—some 6,400 bodies have been buried in Denzil Tepe, while 8,000 persons are stated to have perished during the siege.

**INDIA.**—The question of the withdrawal from Candahar is still the all-absorbing topic, and the hope that the Government may be induced to alter their decision has been strengthened by the publication of the Cabul papers. There is an unanimous opinion that the Russians intend to advance on Merv, and that any retrograde movement on our part would be utter folly. As to the cost of such an occupation, that would be a small matter beside the expense incurred in watching the whole frontier and guarding against internal risings. In the meantime all is quiet in Afghanistan, and General Wilkinson and his little force have returned from Maiwand, having succeeded in opening the roads for traffic for a circuit of fifty miles, without incurring the slightest demonstration of hostility. Indeed, we are told that the majority of the people, like most small landowners and peasants, are friends of order above all, and actually welcome the presence of troops in their country, as giving them a market for their produce, and as overawing the more turbulent minority which in Afghanistan, as nearer home, is prone to impose its will upon the more peacefully inclined majority. From Herat comes news of internecine strife. Ayoob Khan has just put to death three Ali-Kozas Sirdars, a step which will completely alienate from him those powerful tribes, while the Aimak chiefs at Herat have sent a messenger to Abdulla Khan saying that they are dissatisfied with Ayoob's rule, and asking for British assistance against him.

**UNITED STATES.**—The most disastrous inundations are reported from all parts of the country owing to the melting of the snow and the breaking-up of the ice on the rivers. Washington has suffered in particular, two square miles of the city becoming a reproduction of Venice, and the theatre, the market, and the Baltimore and Potomac Railway Station being only accessible by boats. The Susquehanna and Schuylkill Rivers also overflowed and caused immense damage, while a terrible snowstorm has blocked the railways in Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri—some of the drifts being thirty feet deep.—The Government has at last determined to make an effort to put down Mormonism, and Brigham Young (son of the late President) has been arrested for bigamy.

The Irish Obstructionists and Mr. Parnell continue to attract considerable attention. The *World* thinks that Mr. Parnell's "flight" means that he is implicated in a treasonable conviction. The *Tribune* believes that he will be welcomed by the more impetuous and turbulent elements of Irish-American society, but that the more sober-minded will remark that the cause of land reform has been brought into disrepute by his tactics. The *Times* sententiously advises Americans to "mind their own business," while the *New York Herald* declares that "Parnell is lost, not alone for himself, but for Ireland."

**THE REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL.**—Fuller reports of the Battle of Ingogo confirm the impression that the action was a severe repulse for General Colley, whose force, indeed, narrowly escaped utter annihilation. Upon General Colley's retreat the Boers invested his camp, and completely isolated it from Newcastle, although the telegraph does not appear to have been cut for some days afterwards, and communication seems also to have been maintained by heliograph. The Boers then moved southwards, and appeared in force some thirty-five miles south of Newcastle, between that town and Ladysmith, and close to the range of the Biggarsberg, where it is expected they will oppose the advance of Sir Evelyn Wood and his reinforcements. The Biggarsberg is a lofty range running across Natal at this point, and the road, which crosses it at an elevation of 4,000 feet, runs through a narrow defile, admirably suited for an ambuscade, and for the sharpshooting tactics of the Boers. Thus it will be seen that the Boers have carried the war into Natal, they have cut the telegraph between Newcastle and Ladysmith, and they now unhesitatingly requisition what supplies they want, including horses. In the mean time the British reinforcements are being rapidly pushed forward to Ladysmith, and Sir Evelyn Wood passed through that town on Monday night on his way to the Biggarsberg, where a large portion of the reinforcements have already been gathered, including the 15th Hussars, 92nd Highlanders, the 97th Regiment, the Naval Brigade, and the 60th Rifles. Our troops are said to be in good health, but the cavalry are somewhat strengthened for want of horses—the Dutch Boers being the great horse breeders of

South Africa. From latest advices Pretoria, Standerton, and Lydenburg were holding out. The President of the Orange Free States officially denies the statement that the Dutch of the Free States have formed a Camp in Natal against the British, and in a telegram to Mr. Blyth, the Consul in London, recapitulates the orders which have been issued to the Burghers to maintain neutrality, and the efforts which he has made towards mediation. He forwarded Lord Kimberley's telegram to the governing triumvirate, and hopes that when they receive it they will write to General Colley, and thus open a way to avoid further bloodshed.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—In BELGIUM and HOLLAND petitions are being signed, asking the respective monarchs of these countries to exercise their powers of mediation with England in favour of the Transvaal Boers.—There has been a change of Ministry and a Press amnesty in SPAIN.—In ITALY Rome is preparing for a merry Carnival this year, and the race of the *Barberi* is to take place as usual in the Corso.—In the little Republic of ANDORRE there is great strife with regard to a proposition to establish a gambling table.—In AUSTRIA twelve out of fourteen Social Democrats who have been tried for high treason have been acquitted. The remaining two were condemned respectively to four years' and two months' hard labour.



The Queen and the Princess Beatrice were to return to Windsor for the spring season on Thursday evening after a two months' stay in the Isle of Wight. Before leaving Osborne Her Majesty on Saturday inspected the 14th (Princess of Wales' Own) Regiment at Parkhurst. The Queen and the Princess were received at the barracks by the officers, and thence drove to the parade ground, where the regiment was drawn up, and proceeded down the line, after which the Royal party went to the saluting base and the regiment marched past. Subsequently Her Majesty congratulated the commanding officer, Colonel Barry Drew, on the appearance of his men, and drove home through Newport. In the evening the ex-Empress Eugénie with her suite and several other guests, dined at Osborne. The Queen and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service on Sunday morning at Whippingham Church, where Canon Farrar preached, and in the evening the Canon dined with Her Majesty. On Monday morning the Queen and Princess called at Osborne Cottage to take leave of the ex-Empress Eugénie on her departure for her new residence near Windsor, and the Princess accompanied the ex-Empress to Trinity Pier, whence she crossed the Solent in the *Alberta*. The Queen gave a dinner-party in the evening, when the guests included Lady Cowell, Mrs. Prothero, Sir H. Ponsonby, Colonel Barry Drew, and Captain Carter of the guardship *Hector*. After dinner Miss Prothero and the officers of the detachment at East Cowes, Captain B. Firman and Lieutenant Crofton were received by Her Majesty. Next Thursday the Queen comes to London to hold the first Drawing Room of the season on Friday.—Her Majesty has appointed the Rev. J. L. Davies, Rector of Christ Church, Marylebone, to be Chaplain in Ordinary, and the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glynn, Vicar of Kensington, and the Rev. A. Peile, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Ventnor, to be Hon. Chaplains.

The Prince of Wales at the end of last week went down to Windsor for a day with the Royal Staghounds, having a capital run. On Saturday the Princess was present at the Saturday Popular Concert at St. James's Hall, and at the close personally complimented Miss Dora Schirmacher on her piano-forte performance. In the evening the Prince of Wales went to Countess Spencer's reception, and next morning the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service. On Monday evening the Prince and Princess went to the Haymarket Theatre, and next evening to the Lyceum, Princess Christian and the Duke of Edinburgh having visited them during the day. The Prince holds a *lavée* on Monday, and leaves for Germany on Thursday next.

The Duke of Edinburgh visited Ramsgate last week, and presented the medals and thanks of the National Lifeboat Institution to the crews of the lifeboat *Bradford* and tug *Vulcan* for their bravery in the recent rescue of the crew of the *Indian Chief*. The Duke and Duchess took their family on Saturday to the morning performance of the Covent Garden pantomime.—The Duchess of Edinburgh visited King's College Hospital on Tuesday.—The Duke of Connaught was present on Monday evening at the Mansion House banquet to General Roberts.

Berlin is busily preparing for the wedding festivities, which begin next Friday with the arrival of the Princess Augusta Victoria at the Bellevue Palace from her family residence at Prinkenau, where she is now staying with her mother. There will be a family dinner in the evening, when the Prince of Wales and Duke of Edinburgh are expected. The bride will make her State entry into Berlin on Saturday, after which the marriage contract will be signed, and another family dinner takes place. The marriage ceremony, both civil and religious will be celebrated at the Royal Schloss on Sunday evening, and next day the happy pair will successively attend a Church service in the new chapel, a gala dinner in the White Hall, and a special performance at the Opera. Tuesday will be occupied by a quiet dinner, given by the Crown Prince, and a ball at the Royal Palace, and subsequently the newly-married couple will be allowed to enjoy their honeymoon quietly. Queen Victoria will be represented at Berlin by Viscount Torrington. The Crown Prince last week escaped a serious accident. When out driving, the horses ran away in a crowded thoroughfare, and the Prince jumped out, alighting unhurt.—The Empress of Austria arrived in England on Wednesday, after visiting the Belgian Royal Family at Brussels on her road. Crossing to Dover the Empress, who travels as the Countess of Hohenems, lunched, and subsequently proceeded straight to Combermere Abbey, Cheshire.—Prince Rudolph was obliged to put into Zante, in the *Miramar*, last week, through bad weather, but left again on Sunday night, and was expected at Alexandria on Thursday. He will probably go to Rome for two days as a private tourist.



**CONVOCATION** continued its sittings until Friday last week, when it was prorogued until May 17. On the Thursday the Upper House unanimously adopted a resolution declaring it to be expedient that a Royal Commission of Inquiry should be appointed with the view of clearing the way for the introduction into Parliament of a General Clergy Discipline Bill, dealing with morals, doctrine, ritual, and neglect of duty, and also with the laws and constitutions of Ecclesiastical Courts, both of first instance and final appeal. At the final meeting the Upper House debated the Ritual question as raised by Canon Gregory's gravamen, which the Lower House had turned into an *articularis clericorum* after two days' discussion, and ultimately the Bishop of Lincoln's resolution, to the effect that litigation in

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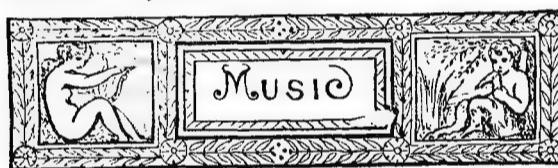
matters of ritual is to be deprecated and deplored, and, if possible, avoided, was carried *nem. dis.* In the Lower House the principal subject of debate was the Reform of Convocation, and it was resolved that, having regard to the communication from the Archbishop as to the difficulties in the way, it was not expedient at present to apply for letters of business to discuss the question, and report to the Crown thereon.

MORAL CHARACTER AND INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS was the topic of a special address delivered on Sunday to the Oxford undergraduates by the Bishop of Manchester, who said that the age seemed to be growing indifferent to moral considerations, and men were apt to think that they were scarcely responsible for their opinions. His own view was that opinions told largely upon character, levity in one direction producing levity in another. If atheistic science or scientific atheism could be proved in the same way or to the same extent as Newton's theory of gravitation, it would possibly go hard with theology; but at the same time it would go hard with almost everything besides; but if men would philosophise in the scientific spirit of Darwin, and keep their hypotheses within a legitimate range of their phenomena, there would be little danger to either morals or religion, and no intrusion of either into the other's sphere.

ECCLESIASTICAL TESTS IN HOSPITALS.—Mr. T. Carvel Williams, in a letter to *The Times*, calls attention to an advertisement issued by the Charing Cross Hospital authorities for a Resident Secretary, which states that "candidates must be members of the Church of England." So that while Dissenters are asked to, and do, contribute to the Hospital Sunday Fund, they are told that none of their body, however well qualified, can become secretary to one of the hospitals which participate in it. He adds that he has charity enough to think that the announcement may have been inadvertently copied from an old formula, and, if so, he shall look for its early withdrawal.

A MUNIFICENT OFFER has been made to the various Nonconformist Churches of West Hartlepool by Mr. William Gray, a wealthy gentleman of that town. To the United Methodist Free Church, which has debts on its several chapels to the amount of £5,000, he has offered £2,000, if the congregations can in three years raise the remainder; and to other denominations—Wesleyans, Congregational, Baptist, and Presbyterian—he has made similar offers, which are expected to result in the ultimate removal of the entire debts on the Nonconformist places of worship, amounting to about £12,000.

OBITUARY.—The Rev. Lord John Thynne, sub-Dean of Westminster Abbey, died on the 9th inst., in his eighty-third year. He was formerly sub-Dean of Lincoln—an office which in 1831 he exchanged for a canonry at Westminster, which had held the post of sub-Dean since 1835, and for several years exercised the powers of Dean by Letters Patent. Many of the reforms in connection with the Abbey, including the free admission of the public, were inaugurated by him; and much of the adornment of the edifice is due to his efforts in raising a fund for that purpose. He assisted at two coronations, those of William IV. and Her Majesty, in the latter instance officiating for the Dean, who was absent through illness. The funeral took place on Monday, part of the service being performed in the Abbey before the body was removed to Haynes, Bedfordshire, for interment. Another death just reported is that of the Rev. John Thomas, a Wesleyan missionary, who went out to the Friendly Islands in 1826, just after the murder of some missionaries of the London Missionary Society, and laboured ardently and successfully until 1860, when he returned.



CRYSTAL PALACE.—At the concert on Saturday Schubert's symphony in B flat (No. 2, composed at the age of seventeen) was the feature. It was no stranger, having been heard already at the Crystal Palace on the 20th of October, 1877. A renewed acquaintance with the work brings out in stronger relief its most attractive points. Again, like its immediate precursor, it is melody from end to end. The form is that of Haydn and Mozart, but the essence is purely Schubert. Mr. Herbert Reeves, the one vocalist on this occasion, besides an air from Sullivan's *Light of the World*, and another from Gounod's *Cing Mars*, sang the "Ave Maria" of Schubert, with the chaste expression befitting so earnest a supplication. It was like an after-ray of light reflected from the symphony, written in the same key. The first pianoforte concerto of Herr Brüll is much of the same calibre as the second introduced to the Crystal Palace audience three years since. It has merit doubtless, if no marked individuality, and is chiefly noticeable on account of showy passages for the leading instrument, of which the author knows how to make the best. Herr Brüll also played solos by Chopin, Brahms, and himself. The great sensation of the day was produced by Beethoven's *Leonora* Overture (No. 3), which by this time, we imagine, the orchestra could play without parts just as easily as Mr. Manns could direct its performance without score.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—Saturday's concert began with Mozart's Quartet in B flat (one of the Haydn set), played by MM. Becker, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, and ended with Schumann's E flat quartet for piano and "strings," in which the performance of the young pianist, Miss Dora Schirmacher (who was personally complimented by the Princess of Wales), impressed every one by its vigour and brilliancy. Miss Schirmacher also gave Beethoven's sonata in D minor (less thoroughly congenial to her idiosyncracy), the last movement of which she took too fast to allow some parts of it being clearly defined. Beethoven has marked simply "allegretto," which is much better in keeping with its character. But, thanks to some eminent foreign pianists, Herr Anton Rubinstein at the head, almost every *allegro* is now taken *presto* and every *festo*, *prestissimo*. Herr Becker played Tartini's sonata, *Didone abbandonata*, singularly well, and Mr. Lloyd gave an air from Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and a song by Gounod in his most finished style. At Monday evening's concert a sonata in B flat, for pianoforte and violoncello, by a young composer, Herr Julius Röntgen, Professor at the Amsterdam Musikhochschule, was the novelty. That there are any special signs of originality in this work it would be rash to assert; but that the middle movement (there is, happily, no *scherzo*) is simple and expressive, and that there are noticeable points in the *finale* (built upon a theme the opening bars of which remind us of the "Hammonius Blacksmith"), must in justice be conceded. Beyond this we can say nothing more than that the performance, by Mlle. Krebs and Signor Piatti, was beyond praise. Why does not the incomparable violoncellist—himself an excellent musician, as all know—write more for the instrument of his predilection? Mlle. Krebs also gave three of Domenico Scarlatti's "sonatas" (or Harpsichord Lessons) for pianoforte alone, with a vigour and technical perfection that left nothing to desire. As models after their manner, these were welcome. Mr. Thorndike sang an *aria* by Salvator Rosa, and two *Lieder* by Rubinstein, the first of the three especially well. The concert—interesting in almost every respect—began with Beethoven's C minor quartet (No. 4 of the Lobkowitz set), led by Herr Becker, and terminated with Spohr's First Trio (E minor), the interpreters of which were Mlle.

Krebs, Herr Becker, and Signor Piatti. Too little is heard of Spohr, too much of some modern German compositions that of recent years have been introduced without adding anything of intrinsic value to the unexampled repertory of the Popular Concerts.

BURNS COMMEMORATION.—This entertainment, postponed in consequence of the weather, was held on Saturday night in St. James's Hall, before an audience that must have gladdened the heart of Mr. Ambrose Austin, the spirited *entrepreneur*. The late Mr. Howard Glover's cantata, *Tam o' Shanter*, suffers greatly in the absence of the picturesque orchestral accompaniments, which can be but inadequately represented by the pianoforte and harmonium. It was, however, pleasant to hear so genial a work once more, even without the extraneous advantages enjoyed by the composer, when, at Exeter Hall, July 4, 1855, in the presence of Meyerbeer, he directed the first performance. Mr. Sims Reeves, the *Tam o' Shanter* when the work was produced, in the autumn of the same year, at the great Birmingham Festival, was again the *Tam o' Shanter* on the present occasion, and by his strenuous exertions convinced the audience that he loved the poem of the Bard of Scottish Bards, and sympathised with the genial setting of his friend and compatriot, Howard Glover. The remainder of the entertainment consisted exclusively of Scottish songs and ballads, contributed by Madame Patey, Misses Agnes Ross, and Thorndike, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Herbert Reeves, F. Boyle, Walter Clifford, and Santley. It was altogether a legitimate success.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The 143rd annual festival dinner of this highly estimable institution was a great and well-merited success. There was Royalty in the chair, represented by the Duke of Connaught, and Royalty to support him, in the person of his younger brother, Prince Leopold. Both spoke admirably to the purpose, as did Sir Frederick Leighton, in showing the natural affinity of the two arts of painting and music. The list of contributions, including the munificent gift of 1,000 guineas from Mr. Molieux (himself many years ago a member of the musical profession), was read out by Mr. W. H. Cummings (hon. treasurer), who gave the sum total as over £1,600.—the largest ever known. The musical entertainment which, after an interval, followed the Grace—the unchangeable canon, "Non nobis, Domine"—was varied and well-chosen.

MR. SIMS REEVES.—Mr. Sims Reeves's second concert was quite as successful as the first, and again St. James's Hall was crowded to the doors. The vocalists were Misses Minnie Hauk and Fonblanche, Messrs. Herbert Reeves, Arthur Oswald, and the concert-giver, assisted by the members of the Vocal Union. The programme was much of the same quality as at the first concert, and requires no special remarks. Signor Piatti gave a violoncello solo in his own inimitable style, and Mr. Sydney Smith played two admired pieces of his own composition ("Ballade" and "En Route") on the pianoforte. One of Mr. Sims Reeves's special successes was achieved in Bishop's "My Pretty Jane"—redemanded so uproariously that, in discord with his usual habit (a habit much to be commended) he returned to the platform and substituted Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud." Miss Minnie Hauk was particularly happy in two Scottish ballads, the last of which, "I'm owre young to marry yet," created quite a sensation, so much so that she had no alternative but to sing it again. She was forced to pay the same penalty for the "Styrienne" from *Mignon*. Miss Hauk also sang with Mr. Reeves, the duet, "Parigi o cara," from the *Traviata*. The conductor was Mr. Sidney Naylor.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—Irish songs and ballads formed the chief feature of Wednesday evening's programme, and such old favourites as "Thady O'Flynn," "Terence's Farewell to Kathleen," "The Minstrel Boy," Lover's "How to Ask and Have," were admirably rendered by Miss Mary Davies, Madame Patey, and Mr. Edward Lloyd, while Mr. Santley was enthusiastically applauded for "The Rakes of Mallo" and "The Snowy-breasted Pearl." Miss Clara Samuell also sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" with considerable effect. Madame Antoinette Sterling being indisposed, her place was taken by Miss Damian, who sang "In the Gloaming," "The Better Land," and "What will you do, Love?" Mr. Maybrick and Mr. Joseph Maas were the remaining soloists, and the South London Choral Association won well merited plaudits by their rendering of Maciione's humorous part song, "Old Daddy Long-legs," and "The Cruiskeen Lawn."

WAIFS.—At the Crystal Palace to-day, a symphony in D by Schubert (his No. 3), one of the discoveries made by Mr. Grove during his sojourn in Vienna, is to be heard for the first time.—Herr Joachim will make his first appearance at the Popular Concerts,—to which, since their institution in 1859, he has, with rare intervals remained constant—on Monday evening, when his *début* will derive all the more interest from the fact that he is to lead one of the so-called "Posthumous Quartets" of Beethoven—the magnificent C sharp minor, Op. 132, composed for Prince Nicolas Galitzin.—It is now certain that M. Duport of Brussels will succeed Signor Vianesi, as co-orchestral conductor, with Signor Bevignani, at the Royal Italian Opera.—The Moscow season of Italian opera, under the direction of Signor Bevignani, has been successful. On this clever musician's benefit night, a new opera, *Eugene Onegin*, by the Russian composer, Tchaikowsky, was produced, and greeted with unanimous signs of approval.—Madame Christine Nilsson is busily engaged on the study of *Fidelio*, in which opera she will probably sustain the part of the heroic wife at Her Majesty's Theatre.—At the last concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society, Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, conducted by himself, achieved a signal success. It was followed by the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn, the performance of which was directed by Sir Michael Costa. The leading singers in the *Martyr of Antioch*—with the exception of Mrs. Osgood, who replaced Madame Albani—were the same as at the Leeds Festival.



THE TURF.—The Kempton Park meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday last drew a large attendance of those who are fond of the hurdle and cross-country business, but the attraction of the Waterloo Cup up Liverpool way caused many of the chief "operators" to be absent. Some good class horses put in an appearance for the different events, for instance, in the Kempton Steeple Chase, in which Sleight-of-Hand, Lottery, Ignition, Jupiter II., and Quibble contended. They were, however, all beaten by the lightly weighted Solver, who started the worst favourite in the field of eight. The uncertain Ballet Dancer won a hurdle race from six others, and Cavendish Square easily enough disposed of eight competitors in the Halliford Hurdle race. Austin Friar, who is forming into a good steeple-chaser, won the Teddington Steeple Chase, and Polka took the Hampton Hunters' Ditto. The Grand Hurdle race produced a good field of eleven, of whom Gourmand, Bacchus, and Scot Guard were made favourites. Grand horse as he is, Bacchus found 12 st. 7 lbs. too much for him in the somewhat heavy going, and had nothing to do with the finish, which was left to Scot Guard, Quadroon, and Squeaker, the first-named winning cleverly by half a length from Quadroon. The Duke of Hamilton, on whom Fortune has by no means showered Turf

favours, is to be congratulated on the success of his horse in an important race.—During the week several favourable reports of an improvement in the health of the famous jockey, Constable, have been received, but it is still feared that he is in a most serious condition.—The well-known steeple-chase jockey, S. Daniels, has succumbed to the injuries he received recently, when Thunderstone, whom he was schooling over hurdles, fell and rolled over him.—The market on the coming great three-year-old events has been particularly quiet this week, but great satisfaction is felt at the return of Bal Gal to exercise. For the Spring Handicaps there has been little or no change in the quotations of last week.

AQUATICS.—The Championship of England Sculling Match was successfully brought off on the Thames Championship Course on Monday last, and was a thoroughly genuine affair, though at the same time a thoroughly one-sided business. The wagering, which ruled as high as 3 or 4 to 1 on Hanlan, the champion, may be taken as the index of public opinion as to the result, and very seldom, indeed, when both men really "try" in a sculling race, are such odds not brought off. It is sufficient to say that, though Laycock rowed a game race and put on some grand spurs, Hanlan had it all his own way from start to finish, and could have won by any distance, though he was only officially credited with a four-lengths' victory. There can now be no particle of doubt left but that Hanlan is *facile princeps* the best sculler in the world, and, if his health remains sound, that he will be able to retain the proud titles of Champion of England and Champion of the World for some years to come. Having now for the third time won the *Sportsman's* 100-Guinea Challenge Cup, he retains it as his own; but the proprietor of that journal has, with a view to encourage English professional sculling, promised another of double the value, the first race for which is to be rowed on the Tyne. It is not in a certain sense a pleasant reflection for English scullers that, in Monday's Championship Match, both the competitors were Colonials; but still we may console ourselves with the pride we may justly feel in the prowess of our kinsmen, just as "the old man" may almost feel proud to be "beaten by the boy."—Similar reports to those of last week come again from the Universities, to the effect that Oxford is strong and Cambridge weak in "Old Blues."

FOOTBALL.—Further progress has been made since our last in the interesting contest for the Association Challenge Cup. The Birmingham Aston Villa Club, which has shown such excellent form all through the season, met a good eleven in Nottinghamshire, but after one of the best games ever witnessed beat them by three goals to one, the vanquished being by no means disgraced.—At Wandsworth an almost equally good and fast game was played on Saturday last between the renowned Clapham Rovers and Upton Park, the former only being able to score one more goal than the latter, five to four being the record.—The third game to be noted is that between Romford and Reading Abbey, won by the former by two goals to none.—A Queen's Park (Glasgow) Eleven has been on a visit to the South, and on Saturday last at the Oval, in an Association game, defeated the Pilgrims by four goals to one.—In the London Hospitals' Challenge Cup, St. Bartholomew's has defeated St. George's, and St. Thomas's Westminster Hospital.

YACHTING.—At a meeting of the Council of the Yacht Racing Association, held on Tuesday last at the Langham Hotel, in reference to the "measurement" question, Mr. W. Baden-Powell proposed the following in place of the present Thames rule. "That the length be multiplied by the length and by the breadth, and the product divided by 1,200." This may sound "gibberish" or more unintelligible to most of our readers than Sanscrit, but those given to yachting will recognise its importance, and await with some interest the result of the submission by the Council of the proposed rule to a General Meeting of the Association on March 1st.



THE JUDICIAL CHANGES recommended by the recent Order in Council were last week the subject of Debates in both Houses of Parliament. In the Lords, Lord Denman moved for an Address to the Crown against the proposed changes, but withdrew it at the instance of the Lord Chancellor. In the Commons, Mr. H. Fowler pressed a similar motion to a division, but was defeated by 178 to 110.

THE PARLIAMENTARY OATH.—The formal pleadings in the penal action against Mr. Bradlaugh for sitting and voting in the House of Commons without taking the Oath of Allegiance have now been concluded by the plaintiff's amended reply, which affirms that the defendant was disqualified from affirming by his want of religious belief; to which the defendant demurs on the ground that the statutes which substitute a solemn affirmation for an oath do not require that the person making and subscribing the affirmation should possess or profess any religious belief.

THE LATE CITY REMEMBRANCER.—The Court of Queen's Bench has made absolute the rule for a criminal information, applied for on behalf of Mr. Robarts against Mr. C. Lister, the Lord Chief Justice observing that the letter in the *Citizen* contained an imputation upon the plaintiff's character and honour in dealing with the Corporation accounts. The defence is that the dispute was merely an office squabble, and that the observations complained of as libellous, do not, and were never intended to bear the construction put upon them by Mr. Robarts.

A TRADE DISPUTE.—A number of composers who had been employed on the staff of *The Times* were recently dismissed for refusing to make up certain bills or tallies which formed part of a new system of measuring the actual amount of work performed by them, on the ground that it was against the custom of the trade. As a means of testing the legality of this proceeding, one of the men then summoned the printer for wrongful dismissal, but after several adjournments the case has been dismissed by Alderman Sir Andrew Lusk, who remarked that the men had been very hasty in their action, for nothing could have been fairer than the conduct of their employers, who, if they thought the old system of gauging the work was faulty, had a perfect right to make the change, which he considered a reasonable one.

THE ALLEGED SPIRITUALIST FRAUDS.—Yet another adjournment has been granted in the Davies-Fletcher case, the reason being the extraordinary attempt made by the defending counsel to impeach the credit of the evidence given by the prosecutrix by putting in certain letters and sketches of hers, in order to show that some years ago she had been of a profligate and immoral character. Mr. Flowers declined to admit these documents as evidence, and on the application of Mr. Lewis granted a further adjournment to give time for him to consider the advisability of applying for a mandamus to compel him. Mr. Lewis hinted that the prosecutrix might not be present at the trial, and in reply to Mr. Wontner's remarks that that was unlikely, reminded him that he himself had been so anxious to secure her attendance that he had had her bound over in £1,000, to appear and prosecute, entirely forgetting that to bind a married woman over was equivalent to spoiling a sheet of parchment.

THE SHEFFIELD POISONING CASE.—The trial of Mary Annie Wilmet on the charge of attempting to poison Mrs. Booth has ended in the extraordinary verdict that she administered morphia to the

(Continued on page 190)

**"COASTING" AT HARROW, JANUARY, 1881**

DURING the late cold weather a new and most enjoyable pastime was introduced at Harrow School, namely, riding on a "Bob Sleigh." The fun consists in seven or eight people going down hill on a sleigh at the rate of thirty-five to forty miles an hour. The "bob-sleigh" is made of two cutters, or small sleighs, and between these a plank is laid, about nine feet long, and fastened to the hind cutter by two bolts, thus rendering it stationary, and to the front one by one bolt, which enables this one to turn round on a pivot. This is the whole construction of the sleigh, barring few minor details. The entire responsibility rests with the steersman, who lies on his chest on the front sleigh, with a hand on each "runner," to turn it to the right or left. Though new to England, this "coasting" is one of the favourite winter amusements in Canada, where it is alike popular with ladies and gentlemen, old and young.

Our engraving is from a photograph sent to us by Mr. S. F. S. Prentice, of Harrow, the maker and originator of the Harrow "Bob Sleigh."

**OPENING OF THE MATALE RAILWAY**

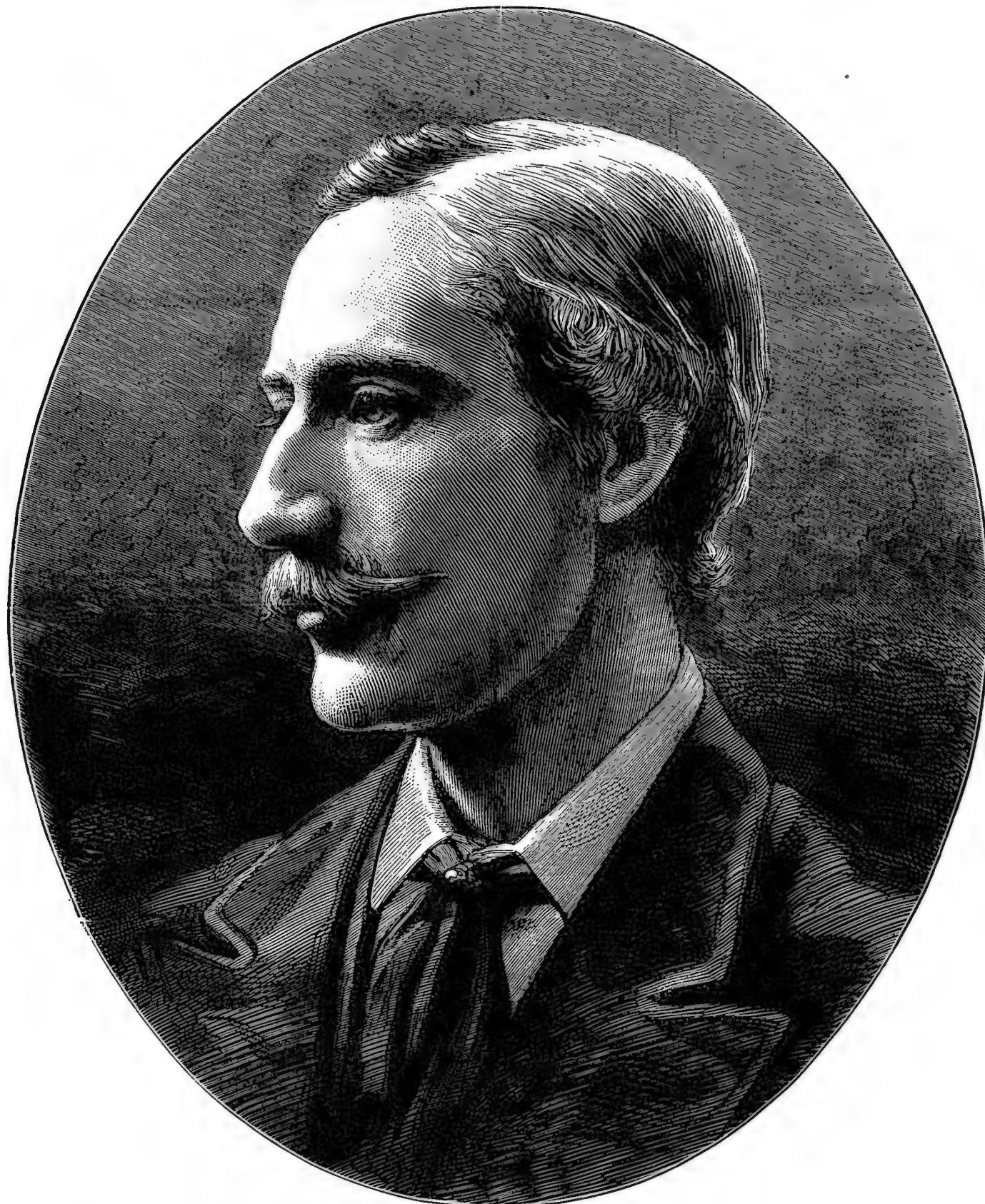
THIS is an extension of the main line from Kandy, and was formally opened in October by the Governor, Sir James Longden. It supplies means of transport to one of the oldest of the coffee districts, of which some twenty years ago it was the largest and most productive; also to the numerous plantations of cacao, and the new variety of coffee, called Liberum, which, as it resists the leaf disease, is becoming a favourite.

After the opening ceremony a procession, composed of the Ratanahtmugas, or native headmen, the band of the disbanded old Rifle Regiment—now subsidised by the Ceylon public, and still under the direction of a European *baton*—the Temple elephants, the Governor with his suite, as well as a large following of the planters and leading Burgher people, passed through the town, the streets of which were decorated in an expensively-elaborate manner by the natives. One flourishing trader rivalled King Alfred's exposure of money and bracelets on the highway to show the honesty of the people by having his arch made in great measure of bank notes.

A ball in the evening, given by the Europeans, successfully closed the inauguration day.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. G. M. Skelton, Matale, Ceylon.

**OPENING OF THE DURBAN-PIETERMARITZBURG RAILWAY**

THOUGH Cape Colony can now boast of five lines of railway, Natal was the first South African settlement to bring the iron horse into practical use—a short line between Durban and the wharves having been constructed twenty years ago. Since that time until recently, however, scarcely any real efforts have been made to extend railway communication. Now, however, several lines are being made. One from Durban to Verulam, on the coast, another from Durban to Umlazi, and a third to Ladysmith. Of this last the portion to Pietermaritzburg, a distance of from fifty to sixty miles inland, was completed last year, and on December 1, as our illustration represents, the first engine arrived at Pieter-



THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN AND MOUNT-EARL  
PRESIDENT OF THE SUNDAY SOCIETY

maritzburg from Durban. Since that time the railway has been of inestimable value in transporting troops and stores from Durban into the interior. The engineering difficulties of the line were considerable, as the road runs through a tract of rapidly rising hills, and attains an elevation of 3,000 feet within forty miles of the coast. Thus the expenses of construction were considerable, being estimated at an average of nearly 10,000/- a mile.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. J. H. Murray, Church Street, Pietermaritzburg, Natal.

**INDIAN SKETCHES: "A WARM CORNER"**

THE native "borah," or itinerant tradesman, is generally speaking a wonderfully good hand at making a bargain with advantage to himself.

His approach is usually heralded by the appearance in one's garden of three or four coolies carrying his merchandise. He himself follows, and boldly comes up to the verandah in which we are sitting, and enumerates the different things that he has for sale; he then, if he foresees a chance of doing business, takes the bundles off the coolies' heads, and displays their contents in detail, praising and extolling the virtues of his stock in most flowery language. If by chance he is asked the price of any article, he without the slightest hesitation demands, and in many cases, with new arrivals in

the country, obtains, three times the value of the article. If, however, his customers are more experienced, after very great debate, in the course of which he will have probably packed and unpacked his bundles two or three times, he hands over the article for perhaps twice its value, remarking that he has given it to you, and is thereby a ruined man, pockets the rupees, packs his bundles again, and trudges off.

In our sketch our two friends have got into a very warm corner, where, however, they are a good deal more frightened than hurt by the terriers barking round them, and when they come out they will have ample revenge for any little discomfort they have suffered by selling their persecutors some very dear bargains.

**LIMA, PERU**

LIMA, recently captured by the Chilians, is a regularly built city, on an extensive alluvial plain on the banks of the River Rimac, about seven miles from Callao, with which port it is connected by two rival lines of railway. The city extends to the foot of a conical hill, nearly 1,000 feet high, called "San Cristobal," which here terminates one of the many spurs from the Andes with which Lower Peru is intersected, and from which there is a splendid view of Callao and the surrounding country.

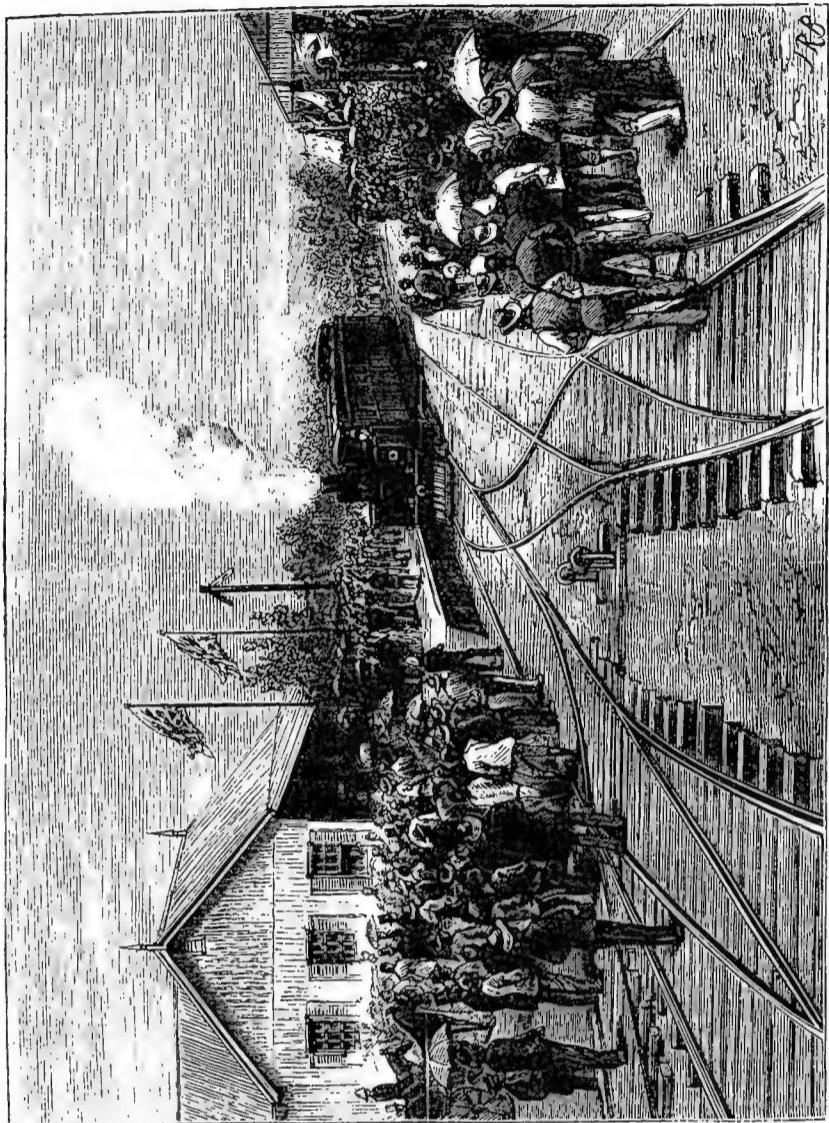
Until recently Lima was supposed to contain about 200,000

inhabitants, but, owing to the Chilian successes, the population has dwindled to half that number.

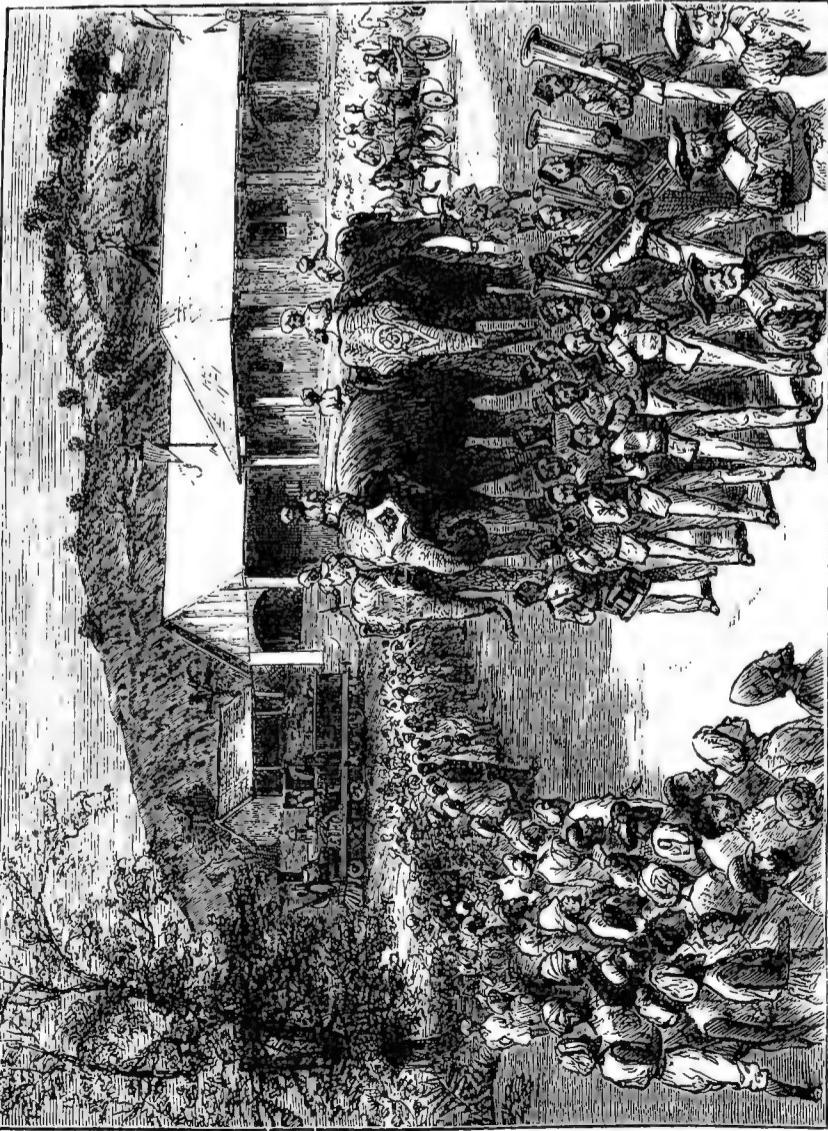
The city used to be surrounded by a well-designed fortified wall, built on the Vauban principle. It was, however, removed by a late Government, and a boulevard laid out on its site; the city being thus left in a defenceless condition.

Besides the rival lines of railway from Lima to Callao, there is also one northward to Ancon and Chancay, as well as one southward to Chorillos, and another eastward, which reaches an altitude of nearly 15,000 feet in the Andes. This latter is, perhaps, the most remarkable railway in the world, and has a viaduct on it 240 feet high. There are several street tramways, and the river, which contains very little water in the cold season, but which becomes a violent torrent when the snows melt, is crossed by four bridges—three for ordinary and one for railway traffic.

In addition to the Cathedral, in which is exhibited the embalmed body of Pizarro, there are many fine churches, a beautiful Public Garden, containing a large zoological collection, surrounding the building erected some years ago for an International Exhibition, and one of the finest hospitals in the world. Lima was occupied by the Chilians on the 17th ult.—after two great battles—one at Chorillos, in which the Peruvians lost 7,000 men killed, and the second at Miraflores, where a final stand was made by 25,000 Peruvians. On their defeat Pierola, the Dictator fled, and the Chilians occupied the city without any further resistance.



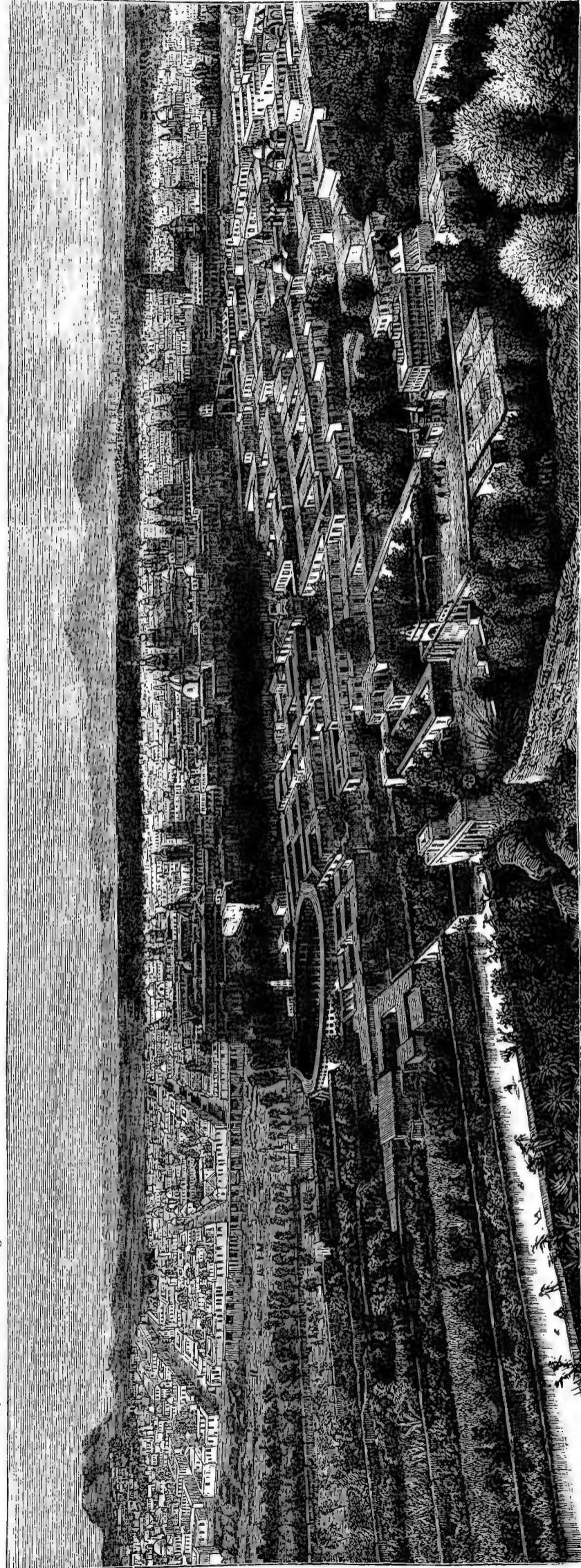
OPENING OF THE DURBAN AND PIETERMARITZBURG RAILWAY—ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN AT PIETERMARITZBURG



RAILWAY EXTENSION IN CEYLON—OPENING OF THE NEW LINE AT MATALE

Chorillos

Miraflores, where the Final Battle was Fought



Callao

lady, but with what intent there was no evidence to show; which Mr. Justice Manisty ruled amounted to one of Not Guilty. The accused was a professional nurse, who went to Sheffield from St. Bartholomew's Hospital, with good credentials as to experience, humanity, and general behaviour; and the defence was based on the apparent absence of any motive for the alleged crime, the suspicion that she had stolen, or intended to steal, some few articles of trifling value belonging to the Booths which were found in her boxes being held to be quite inadequate as such. The suspicions concerning the deaths of Mr. Booth's son and daughter while under the prisoner's care, seem to have been removed by the examination of their bodies which took place after exhumation. Mrs. Booth's own life seems to have been saved only by the timely use of the stomach pump; and the verdict above recorded places the case in that long category of mysteries which have baffled the acuteness of our police, lawyers, and judges.

**A YOUTHFUL DETECTIVE.**—On Monday a smart Glasgow boy, meeting two men in the street, thought it a suspicious circumstance that both wore a great deal of jewellery. He watched them for some time, and then spoke to the police, and the result is that they are now in custody on a charge of having on Saturday last uttered a cheque for 38*s.*, to which one of them had forged the name of his employer, a solicitor at Bristol.

**MYSTERIOUS CRIMES.**—On Friday evening last Lieutenant Percy Roper, a young officer of the Royal Engineers at Brompton Barracks, Chatham, was found lying mortally wounded on a staircase outside his own rooms. He died in about an hour, without ever recovering consciousness, and it was found that he had been shot in the breast with a revolver belonging to a brother officer. The medical evidence, as well as other circumstances connected with the occurrence, seem to preclude the idea of his having committed suicide; but the murderer (if murder it was) got clear away without having been seen; and, strangely enough, no one in the building seems to have heard the report of the pistol, though a sentry on duty deposes to having heard "a kind of crack," followed by the barking of some dogs. An inquest has been opened and adjourned, the coroner saying that he should communicate with the Public Prosecutor. The revolver and its case, with some loose cartridges, a poker, some coats and caps, and deceased's watch were found on the staircase, and the drawers in his room were in disorder; but, so far as is known, nothing was stolen. The motive for the crime is therefore a mystery, especially as Lieutenant Roper is stated to have been a universal favourite.—Another mysterious crime was committed on Monday at Gravesend, where an old lady named Marsh, nearly seventy years of age, who had charge of a house occupied by Mr. Scriven, musketry instructor at Chatham, was found dead in her bedroom with her throat cut. A Miss Barton, who resides in the adjoining house, saw a man leave the house during the evening; and late at night, finding the area door open, called two policemen, by whom the discovery was made. In this case also the motive of the murderer is difficult to guess, no attempt at plunder having apparently been made. An officer's servant, whose appearance corresponds exactly with that of the man seen by Miss Barton, has been arrested on suspicion.—At Leicester, on Sunday, a young woman named Wilson was arrested on the information of a "captain" in the "Salvation Army," who stated that at a religious meeting she had confessed that six years ago she had murdered her child. She states that the man misunderstood her; but she has been remanded pending inquiry.

#### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

In spite of the Bishop of Ossory's laudatory preface, we fail to detect much poetic merit in "Kung In : and Other Poems," by Mrs. Henry Faussett (Belfast : McCaw, Stevenson, and Orr). The melody of the pieces is often defective; and, although the whole breathes a pure and religious feeling, there is lack of originality. It is easy to understand that the Marchioness of Lorne was touched by those lines upon her lamented sister's death; but, sentiment apart, they have no great literary merit. About the best thing in the book is "Till the Day Break," a very touching little piece. The Bishop's remarks as to the introduction of Christianity, prefixed to "Irish Ruins," are at least open to question, and "Minton Tiles" is slightly prosaic as a description. Still the verses are pretty and thoughtful.

"Fancy, and Other Rhymes," by John Sibree (Trübner), commands attention, not only by the modesty with which this little volume is put forward, but by the intrinsic merit of its contents. The author has, we believe, the genuine poetic *affair*, only he must be careful, and not write too hurriedly. Paradise cannot have been "garish," and does he not use "rood," for the sake of the rhyme, when he meant to imply "rod"?—A *rood* is a crucifix with its attendant figures. Then, a dead body would not look "tired," and the false image spoils an otherwise exquisite and touching idyll. "A Resting-place," again, is worthy of William Motherwell,—marred by one inharmonious line, "Put no headstone," &c. "Fancy" is pretty and fantastic; "Lord Archibald" reaches a very high point—the passage, "He left greensward for desert sand," is, in its way, a triumphant success, and still finer is the noble Christian pathos of the finale. But here is the author's grandest utterance, which we cannot refrain from quoting:—

Bate not thy simple song because none heedeth thee  
Save those who love thee better than thy lay;  
Frst not because none needeth thee  
Save those who in thy need will near thee stay;  
Nor deem thyself unblest,  
Because Heaven gives thee only of its best,  
—Safety, and Love, and Rest.

That is in the very spirit of Chaucer's noblest poem. In the epilogue we have some hint of fear that the volume may meet with the "world's disdain"; yes, but not with that of any gentle soul.

The collection (recently issued by Messrs. Chatto and Windus) under the title "Songs and Poems, from 1819 to 1879," by J. R. Planché, would possess an interest of its own, from our memories of the indefatigable old herald and gentleman, even were its intrinsic merits less. But, in point of fact, it is a book worth having. Some of the pieces will be recognised by many as old friends, such as "When time hath bereft thee," "Poverty parts good company," or "I'm in love;" but most will be new to modern readers, and will repay reading. What could surpass the humour of the lines addressed to Mr. Sydney Hall, the travestie nursery rhymes sent to Mr. Halliwell Phillips, or "The Story of Ariadne"? How strange it is to notice the influence of Tom Moore—to whom some of the most graceful verses are addressed—in the earlier pieces. It is no discredit to Mr. Planché to say that in "Know ye in Barcelona" he failed as utterly as any translator must do to reproduce the spirit of Alfred de Musset's original; there is but one "Marquise d'Amagurie!"

"Chelsea Jamie, and Other Poems," by John Renton Denning (Partridge and Cooper) is proclaimed to be the production of a private soldier—which does not therefore prove that the author is not both a gentleman and a man of education, as he apparently is. We will not dwell on grammatical and other faults, which may be excused on the valid plea put forward in the prefatory notice; the book is a good one. Mr. Denning has obviously studied the minor Scots poets to some purpose, and his songs, such as "Bonnie Bessie," or the "Cavalier Drinking Song," are by far the best things in his unpretending little volume. But the "Lines written in Hospital" are also very good in a different way.

"A Library of Religious Poetry," edited by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., and Arthur Gilman, M.A. (Sampson Low), is taken for all

in all, very good, but our living poets might have been better represented. For instance, we miss the grandest religious poem of the last few years, "With passionate pleading," and several of our best modern poets are unrepresented. Not to multiply instances, we miss the name of Mrs. Pfeiffer. And why should Phineas Fletcher's noblest poem have been ignored amongst elder work?

There is much that is good, if little sign of progress, in "Scenes and Songs," by Gerard Bendall (S. B. Barrett). The semi-dramatic piece dealing with Buckingham's murder has one specially lovely passage, viz., the Duchess's speech over the corpse; and there are lines in "The Flight of Venus" almost worthy of William Morris. Some of the shorter pieces strike us as rather flippant in tone, and the rhymes at page 107 are too Hudibrastic for the subject. But the last stanza of "The Violinist" would alone for far greater faults.

"Poems," by W. J. Nicholls (E. Evans, Alton, Hants), was probably meant for private circulation, but has some little worth. There are the elements of a good ballad in "News of Hastings," and a touch of fancy shows itself in the "Death of the Old Year"—a somewhat hackneyed subject. But how could Mr. Nicholls spoil the burden of his "Viking's Song" by such a queer grammatical blunder?

**THE PITMAN'S PIPE.**—It would appear that some more stringent clause must be introduced into the Mines Regulation Act before the brutal selfishness of the pitman as regards his indulgence in tobacco-smoking while he is at work can be effectually stopped. It was but a week since when almost the last of nearly a hundred poor fellows who had been hurried into eternity by a pit explosion was brought to the surface, and in his pockets were found all the materials for a stealthy few whiffs when the "doggy," or overlooker, was away at a safe distance. Since that a miner in the same part of the country was brought before a magistrate, charged with smoking in a pit well known to be of the kind known as "fairy." The fumes of the tobacco guided the overlooker to the spot, and the culprit was taken in the act. He did not deny the offence. He simply said, "All on 'em do it whenever they get the chance." This probably was an exaggeration; but there can be no doubt that very many of them habitually have their pipe "on the sly," and that with the guilty knowledge that the striking of a lucifer match, or the picking the lock of a Davy lamp to obtain a light, may mean immediate and dreadful deaths for themselves and scores of their fellows. One cannot help thinking that a month's imprisonment—and this seems to be the invariable sentence—is not sufficient punishment for an offence that may be attended with such appalling results. It is somewhat paradoxical that a class of men, such as miners, who will so staunchly stick together on strike, even to starvation point, in vindication of some trifling trade question affecting them as a body, should individually exhibit such callous and criminal indifference as regards the lives of their pitmates and of their own.

**NAVY JACK AND HIS GROG.**—Encouraged seemingly by its conquests on land, the National Temperance League has inaugurated an attack on the "demon alcohol" at large, and seeking whom it may devour amongst the bold Jack Tars of the Queen's Navy. The campaign was opened by Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., assisted by Admiral Fishbourne and Mr. Greer, M.P., representing the League. They sought Lord Northbrook with the view of inducing his lordship to lessen the temptation to drink amongst Her Majesty's sailors by giving all who abstained from the regulation ration of rum a greater money equivalent than they at present received. This initiatory step towards the substitution of the teapot for the grog kettle met with an amount of success that must have been very gratifying to the temperance leaders. Lord Northbrook, promptly responding to the suggestion, said that it was the intention of the Government to stop the grog of all sailors belonging to the fleet who were under twenty years of age, and that in order to induce men of mature age to forego rum it was proposed to issue to them in the middle night watch a ration of soluble chocolate. Whether this last-mentioned luxury is to be granted in addition to the money compensation his lordship did not state. It is tolerably certain, however, that to offer Jack merely the money value of his time-honoured "tot" may not be quite satisfactory to that worthy. A sailor's estimate of the money's worth of a gill of rum is based on what that quantity costs him when he is ashore, and that is the sum of sixpence. But a gill of ship rum is worth no more than three farthings, the spirit being supplied to the Navy duty free, or at the rate, roughly speaking, of two shillings per gallon instead of twelve shillings. As a business transaction, therefore, Jack in accepting three farthings, or even a penny, gets the worst of the bargain, however much he may be advantaged morally. Not much harm can attend the novel movement in question so long as it remains optional with our sturdy seamen whether they continue to draw their ration of rum or relinquish it in favour of a penny and a cup of chocolate per diem. But discontent might ensue if it should eventually come to stopping Jack's grog, and insisting on his accepting the milder decoction instead.

**PAROCHIAL BURIAL.**—A few days since there appeared in a London daily newspaper a long and extraordinary account of the way in which poor folk beholden to the parish they reside in are interred. It would seem—at least as regards the cemetery visited by the writer of the said article—that it is not what is commonly known as a grave that is made for the reception of the week's "batch" of bodies brought from the workhouse, but a sort of trench wide and deep enough to contain about twenty coffins, and that the hole is kept open week after week until it will accommodate no more. But the most remarkable feature of the said article was the statement that the pauper dead are not carried into the cemetery chapel or into any other sacred building, but conveyed straight from the workhouse to the hole in which they are buried. The few mourners who attend go into the chapel, and there the greater part of the Burial Service is read, while the coffins are sent on in the conveyance they came by, and packed in the earth by the gravediggers. By the time the last one is deposited the mourners and the minister may be seen hastening to the place of sepulchre, and there the latter, taking up the thread of the solemn service at the point where he broke from it in the chapel, in a minute or so brings it to a conclusion, and the matter is at an end. With shrewd sagacity, and guided, perhaps, by certain clues the newspaper article afforded, the Vestrymen of a large parish in North London expressed some curiosity as to whether the scandal in question affected them. The conclusion arrived at was that an investigation should be made, and the matter thoroughly ventilated. There have been three or four meetings of that Vestry since, but nothing further has been heard of an "inquiry." This, however, is not of so much importance as that the parochial functionaries responsible—whoever they may be—will take such measures in future as shall render such an abominable state of things impossible. The reason assigned by an undertaker's man to the writer of the article for the unchristian mode of burial was that under the "contract" there was no time to carry the dead into the chapel, it being necessary for them—the contractor's men—to clear out by a certain hour so as to leave the minister free for burials that are not pauper. It is to be hoped, however, that Mr. Bumble may somehow contrive to overcome even this difficulty.

**PECULATION UNDER PECULIAR CONDITIONS.**—At the last half-yearly meeting of the General Omnibus Company, after the Chairman had made the satisfactory statement that the profits of the concern admitted of a payment of 12½ per cent. to shareholders,

one of the latter once again made a pathetic appeal on behalf of the Company's conductors. The gentleman in question suggested that five shillings a day, instead of four, shall be paid them, and urged his proposition on moral, as well as on business, grounds. It was known, he remarked, that omnibus conductors had to pay out of their own pockets about 6*d.* a day to stablemen and others, leaving them 3*s.* 6*d.* a day for fourteen or fifteen hours' work. If these wages were increased they would be able to get a better class of men for the employment. This, however, was not the opinion of the Chairman, or indeed of many of the shareholders present. The former declared that they had more trouble with their conductors than with everything else, and that the Company would willingly pay 20,000*l.* to any ingenious individual who would secure them all the money that should be theirs in the shape of passenger fares. It was no use raising a conductor's wages. An extra sixpence or shilling a day would not induce him to be honest. How far this sweeping condemnation is justifiable it would, perhaps, be difficult to prove. This much is clear, however. Though it may suit the Company to cheerfully resign themselves to a condition of affairs which with all its faults yields 12½ per cent. interest, it is not creditable that they should hold the position they do in connection with their omnibus conductors. What it naturally amounts to is this. Having no faith in the honesty of their servants, and knowing that they will help themselves to the Company's moneys, the directors endeavour to counteract the evil by deducting so much from what would be fair wages for an exceedingly arduous day's work. It is urged that they must go on compromising robbery in this way, or be more money out of pocket than they are at present. But what about the omnibus-riding public? The Company may be content to place, under the circumstances, persons in whose honesty they have no faith in charge of their vehicles, but what security, assuming that the declared suspicions of the directors are well grounded, have omnibus riders that the badged peculator will not play on them tricks similar to those which so puzzle his employers? Sooner or later the Omnibus Company will certainly have to give the last-mentioned feature of the conductor difficulty their serious consideration.



**MESSRS. RICORDI.**—Our parcel from hence is of special interest to tenors or barytones who can sing Italian or French with a pure accent and due expression—no very uncommon case in this age of education. Four charming songs are composed by F. P. Tosti, the words of "Lungi" are gracefully imitated from the German of Heine by Giosè Carlucci, "Sull'Alba," words by Enrico Penzacci; "Carmela," a popular Neapolitan ballad by R. Salustri; and "Preghiera," the devotional poetry by G. Guidi. These songs are published in three keys, but are most pleasing for tenors or high barytones.—That really good poetry is capable of being translated into a foreign language is proved by three remarkably good translations by A. Zanardini of English poems into Italian. "Lonely Heart" (*Così solitario*), Byron's pathetic words flow sweetly in this musical tongue—to a pleasing melody by Luigi Caracciolo. The same may be said of "A Muleteer's Song" (*Il Canto del Mulattiere*), words by Longfellow, which is of a more lively character than its predecessor; and "Hush, Sweet Lute" (*Taci, o dolce Liuto*), words by Moore, the works of the same collaborateurs. These songs are all published in two keys.—A melodious *barcarola* written and composed by Cesare Lisi and Eugenio Peruzzi is: "Ohimè! Tu Dormi" for a mezzo-soprano or barytone.—Last but not least meritorious of the budget is "Bonsoir," a tuneful serenade which will please wherever it is heard. Music by Luigi Denza, words by C. Durdilly.

**MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.**—It is an indisputable fact that the members of the choral societies, gathered from amongst the least cultivated musicians, master the works of great composers more quickly and correctly than they do those compositions of inferior merit with which our musical world is over-run. Aware by experience of this fact, the above-named firm has brought out a full score edition of Spohr's noble cantata, "God, Thou Art Great," the English translation by Morley Chubb, together with a supplementary arrangement of the accompaniments for piano and harmonium by King Hall. Both these editions will prove of inestimable value to choral societies, small and great; the latter should be found in the library of all who profess and call themselves musical. The vocal score, octavo, is published at 1*s.*, thus placing it within the reach of the most moderate means.—The same may be said of "The Last Judgment," one of Spohr's greatest works with which perhaps the public is most familiar; the oratorio has just now been republished with the complete instrumental and vocal score. Within the last fifty years concerted music has been cultivated, not only in the numerous musical societies of the day, but also in the home circle, and for this source of mutual improvement and recreation, a large share of credit is due to the enterprise and energy of Messrs. Novello and Co., who have provided cheap editions, carefully got up, of every known and many unknown works by great masters.—A light but pleasing contrast to the above is "The Wishing Stone," a cantata for female voices, written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Franz Abt. Both words and music are bright and cheerful, and well worthy the attention of schools. The libretto is founded on the legend attached to a mass of rocks in the Pyrenees, which declares that a good fairy resident therein invariably grants the wishes of those who repair to the spot in question, provided the visit be paid at the midnight following Midsummer Day.—Vol. XV. of Novello's Part-Song Book (second series), contains several popular and favourite part-songs, gales, and madrigals, amongst which are: "Hark! The Lark" (*Kücken*); "It was a Lover and his Lass" (*Josiah Booth*); "There is Beauty on the Mountain" (*Sir John Goss*); and "Ye Mariners of England" (*H. Hugh Pierson*).—A bold and spirited song for a bass is "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea," written and composed by Allan Cunningham and James Shaw.—"Six Soft Voluntaries for the Organ," by George Calkin are simple and unpretending, but show the hand of a practised musician, and well deserve the attention of organists in general.—"Three Intermezzi" for pianoforte with violin, violoncello, or clarinet accompaniment *ad libitum*, composed by C. Villiers Stanford, are carefully written and highly creditable to this rising composer.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The "Last Leaf" is a very sad and depressing poem by T. S. Murphy, the lament of an old grandmother, who is the last leaf of the parental tree; the music, by P. Von Tuggerer, is quaint and suitable to the pathetic words (Messrs. Marriott and Williams).—By the above writer and composer is a more cheerful but less meritorious song, "The Butterfly and the Lee." The moral of the words, although not very new, is excellent (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—Both music and words of a simple song for the home circle, "I See the Little Children," written and composed by Percy T. Cowley, are bright and original; the compass is from F on the fourth space to G above the lines (Arrowsmith Bros.).—Two easy and tuneful songs by Augusta M. Draper, are: "There is a Dead Leaf on the Spray," words by Miss E. H. Whiteman, and "How Sweet the Answer Echo Makes," words by Thomas Moore (Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.).—By the above composer is an "Allegro Capriccioso" for the pianoforte, well written and unpretentious (Messrs. Lyons and Hall, Brighton).

FEB. 19, 1881

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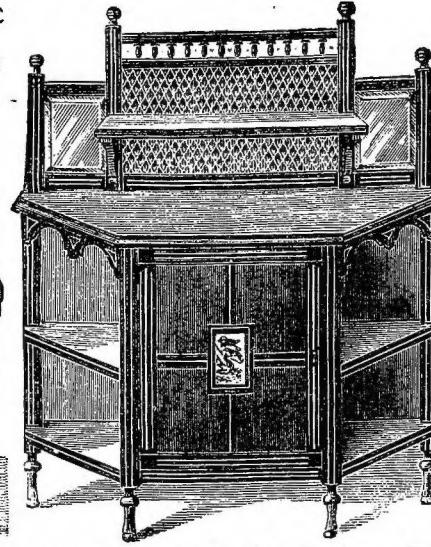
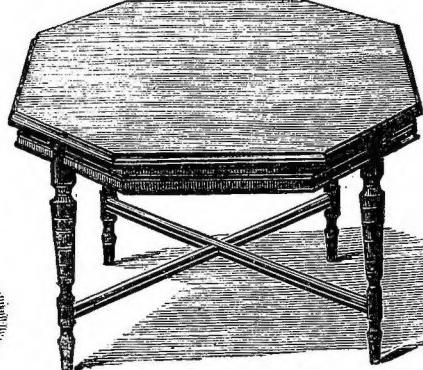
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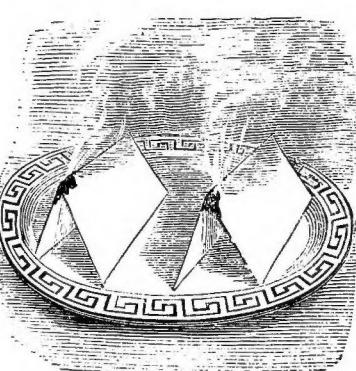
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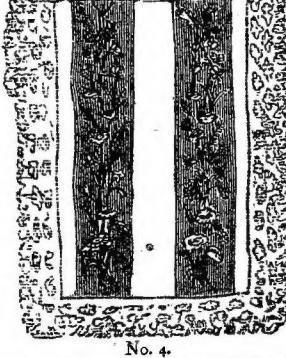
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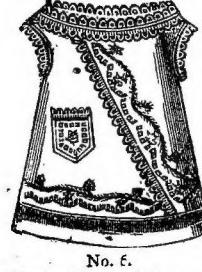
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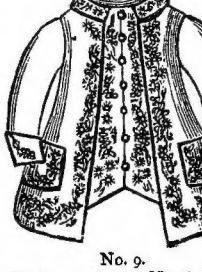
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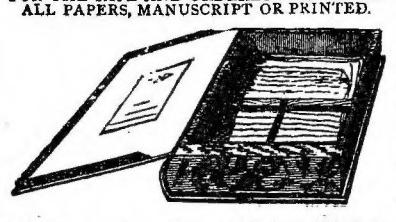
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